Norman Lear, TV auteur ☐ Alex Haley's Tennessee roots
A farewell to the Mets ☐ Vermont's bottle bill works!
The good life in Mexican prisons ☐ Beyond the Cuisinart

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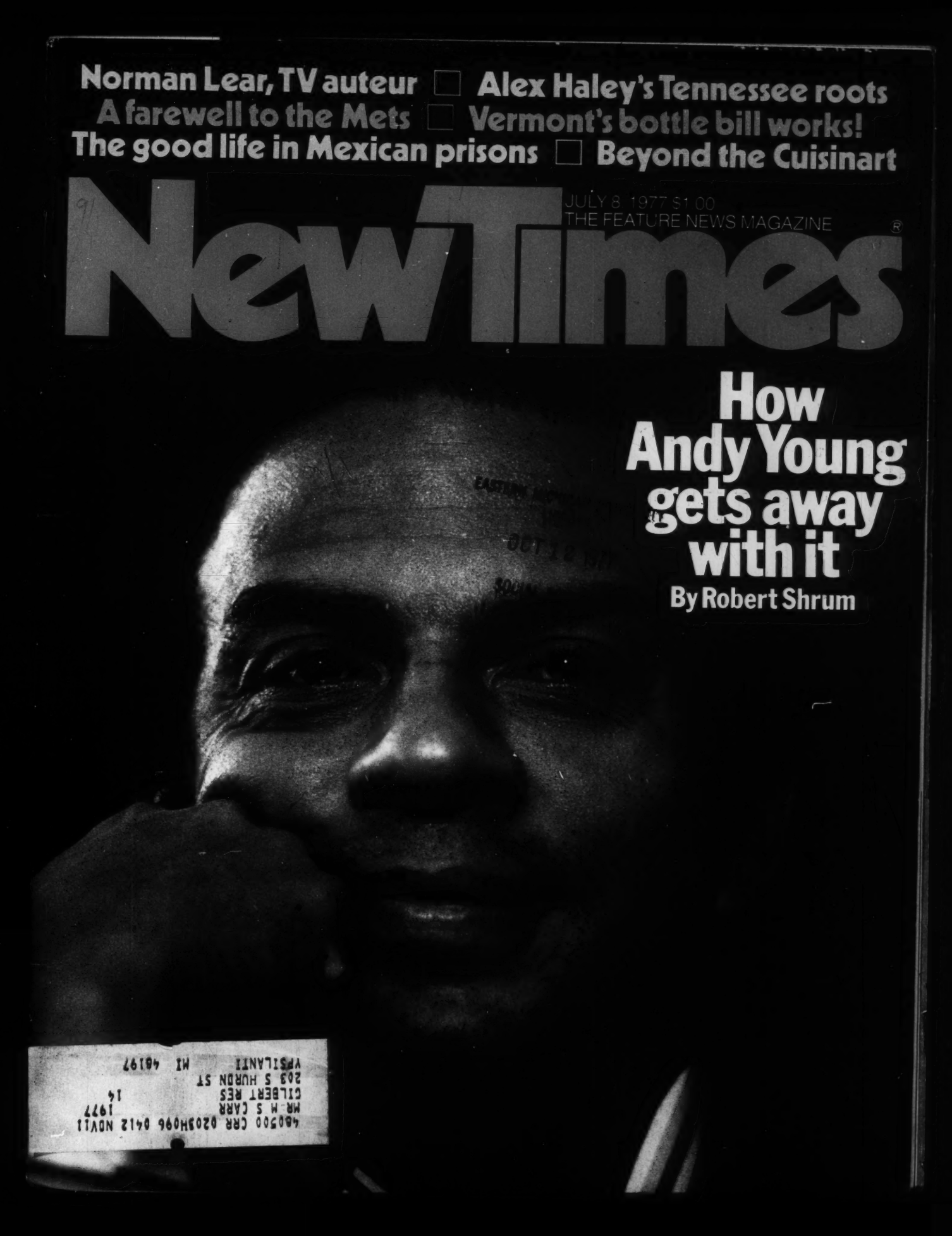

How Andy Young gets away with it

By Robert Shrum

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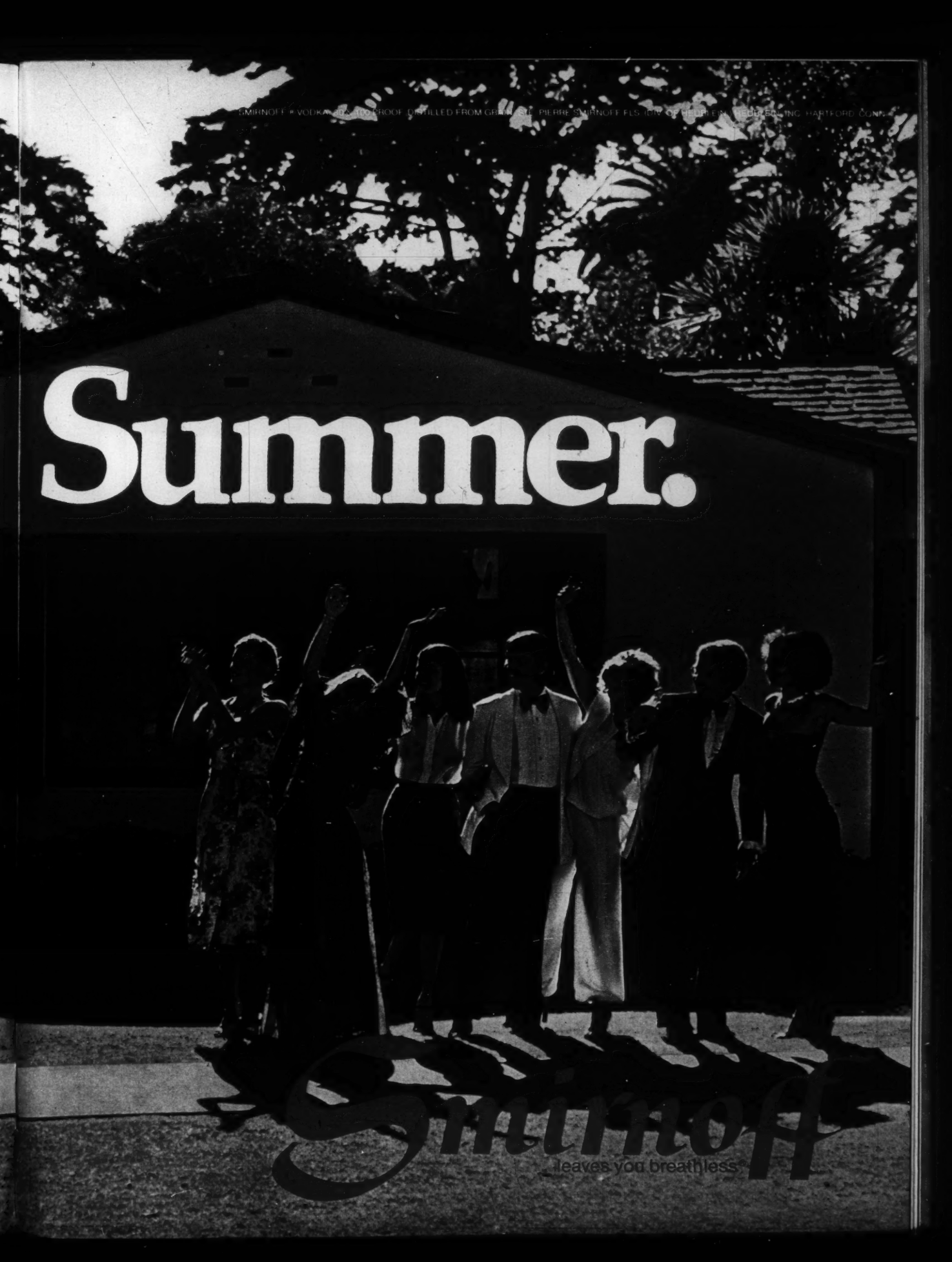
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NewTimes

Andy Young takes on the world

When he was appointed to the UN, his friends worried that he'd be little more than a figurehead. Since then, Andy Young has shattered the traditional role of Ambassador to become the Carter Administration's most controversial and best-known figure.

By Robert Shrum
Page 18

How Vermont bottled up litter

Usually Vermont's citizenry is a laconic crew. Usually. But a law requiring refillable bottles has caused a considerable stir—in addition to making an impressive dent in roadside litter.

By Andrew Kopkind
Page 33

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY J.P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

Good time in a Mexican jail

Cheaper than Acapulco, more luxurious than Leavenworth, Mexican prison life isn't as bad as it's cracked up to be.

By Merle Linda Wolin and Susan Markham Lyne
Page 40

Homecoming

One day, author Alex Haley went back home, to Henning, Tennessee, to his roots. The 600 residents greeted the festivities with a wary excitement. "The town's been dying on the vine for a long time. Maybe this Haley thing will revive it," said one, adding, "I hope after next week things will settle down."

By John Egerton
Page 45

All in his family

"I don't want to deal with TV's same old drivel." True to his word, Norman Lear—creator of *All in the Family, Maude, Mary Hartman* and *All That Glitters*—has been busy painting a surreal mural of American life, outside the network system.

By Gerry Nadel
Page 50

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Letters Page 4

Slow Down
Advice and contempt.
By James S. Kunen
Page 8

The Insider Page 12

Deep Background
James Earl Ray and the press play fox-and-hounds.
By Debra Weiner and Christian Augustin
Page 15

Grass Roots
Virginia's Henry Howell is singing Bye Bye Byrdie.
By Ronnie Chappell
Page 16

REVIEWS

Movies: The boldest, best-made film of the summer
Blowing the horn for *New York, New York.*
By Richard Corliss
Page 57

Books: The true story of Vladimir Nabokov's inflatable bathtub
Andrew Field crafts a version of the writer's life.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 62

Records
Dave Edmunds dusts off some oldies on *Get It.*
By Jim Miller
Page 64

Food
The Cuisinart and the dicey business of food processors.
By Arthur Lubow
Page 66

Final Tribute
Skullduggery in the Mets' dugout.
By Mark Goodman
Page 68

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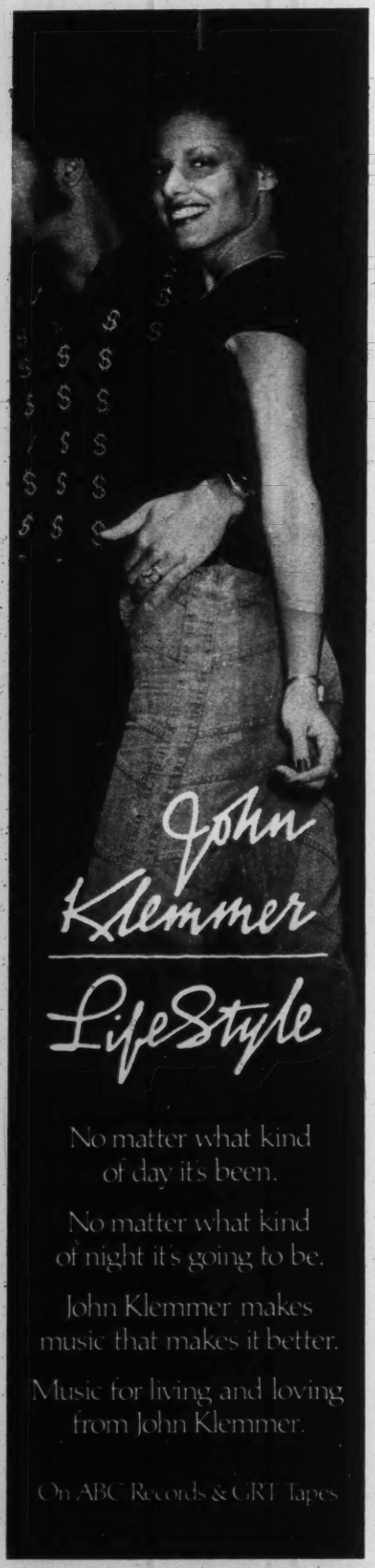
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Letters

Waxing and waning

I commend Peter Collier for his full and sensitive coverage of the "Faithful Five" hearing ("Bringing home the Moonies: The Brain Snatch," June 10). And I can easily understand why Collier concludes that accusations of brainwashing can be seen as attempts on the part of parents to find a scapegoat for "the break-up of the American family."

But, my family didn't break up, it grew up—except for the son who joined the Unification Church. All who love him are frightened by how little is left of the person we once knew.

If there were a test for mind manipulation and a treatment which did not involve parental custody, I would welcome it. I don't want to "mother" my son anymore. I want him to be free.

Joyce Kelly McKay
Oakland, California

My family and I didn't go through the Moon hearing in San Francisco simply to drag our daughter home to us, but to free her. If she returns psychologically to our family, we'll be infinitely grateful; if she does not, but has command of herself as a free person, our purpose will be fulfilled.

Peter Collier picked out the obviously sensational for his "plot"—a trite family/child conflict rather than the important civil liberties issue which high-coercion cultism is. To present our daughter, overcome as she was by intense pressures, as mindless and gutless, is not to perceive her.

Mary Betty Underwood
Portland, Oregon

A picture worth 1,000 . . .

I bought your June 10 issue to not read about Farrah Fawcett-Majors. I thought it was exquisitely done, flawless—I savored every missing word.

Charles R. Altizer
Arlington, Virginia

As the co-editor of a satirical magazine on The Choate School campus, entitled *Inchoate*, I was particularly glad to see your June 10 cover. One of our recent covers bears an uncanny (although coincidental) resemblance to yours. (We drew a line sketch of you-know-who adding: "In This Issue: We ignore Farrah Fawcett-Majors"). The cover improved our sales to a record-breaking 300.

Mike Brownstein
Wallingford, Connecticut

Miles to go

Thanks, Carol Caldwell, for "You haven't come a long way, baby" (June 10). Someday the MF's at P&G will learn that "C" stands for consumer.

Susan Daniels
Cresskill, New Jersey

I agree with your article on Madison Avenue's somewhat jaundiced view of the role of women. However, I'd like to add that if enough women would boycott merchandise produced by companies that employ sexist and degrading advertising, perhaps we might come a long way, baby. We should not only refuse to purchase a product; we should also advise its manufacturer of our reasons for doing so.

Bonnie-Jo Dunham
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Ky note

The topic of money underlies Robert Ward's article on Marshal Ky (June 10). But its origins and/or sources are never fully explained. Where did the money to buy his liquor business and $107,000 home come from?

R.J. Walker
Austin, Texas

Editor's Note: According to Jack Hanshaw, Ky's friend and business associate, Hanshaw helped finance both Ky's home and new business venture. According to Ky, he earned $40,000 last year touring the lecture circuit.

Stripped down

In his June 10 Party Lines, Robert Shrum expressed a fear that allowing landowners to make a decision on strip mining their own land could lead to exorbitant profit making. It is not necessary at all to force people off their land to gain access to sufficient amounts of federally owned coal. Congress recognizes, though, that the strip-mining bill needs to be modified, so that a clear and equitable procedure is established for protecting a landowner's basic property right.

The final version of the bill may be close to the provisions of the bills former President Ford vetoed, which respect the landowners' rights while setting maximum value amounts for the land, improvements, etc. This might allay Shrum's fear, and also guarantee the precious right to those landowners who really want to keep their homes.

Senator John Melcher
Washington, D.C.

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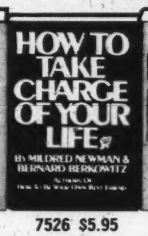

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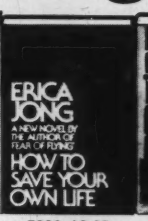

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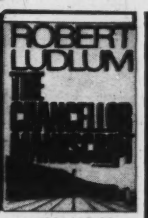

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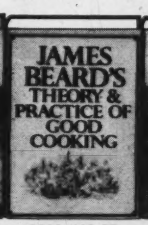

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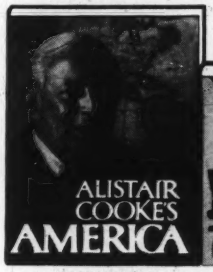

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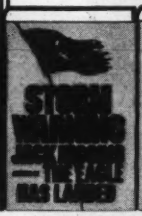

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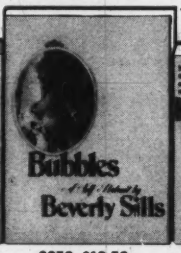

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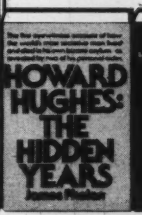

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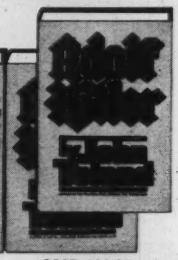

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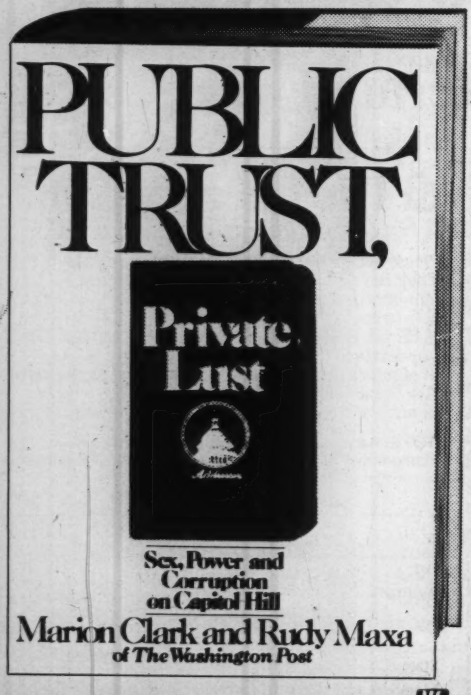

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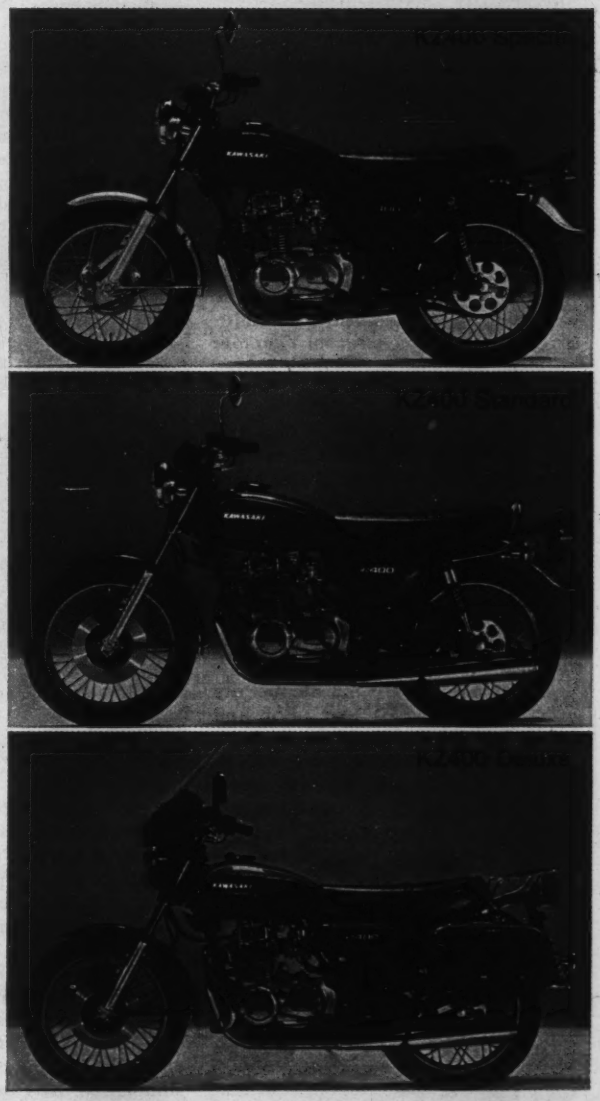

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A word to the wise/By James S. Kunen

Slow Down

I was reading *Cosmopolitan* recently—everybody has to go to the dentist sometime—when I came across an article entitled "The Classic Bitch," extolling one "Angela" as a woman to emulate. "Angela never arrives anywhere, she makes *entrances*," the author enthused. "As she circulates through a party, she methodically flirts with all the men . . . and condescends outrageously to every woman, talking down as if to a mentally retarded cripple. . . . She has hurt and outraged so many people that you might expect her to be a social outcast, scorned and ostracized on all sides. Not so. Angela is the star of her social set. . . . She has more men than she knows what to do with. . . . Yes, crime does pay, and so does bitchery."

This struck me as manifestly bad advice. Yet people pay for it ($1.25 at the newsstand; more, later). People seem to have an insatiable appetite for advice these days. A recent *Glamour* features "How to Travel with a Man and Keep the Romance," "How I Learned Not to be a Slave to my Hair," "How to Find Your Island in the Caribbean," "How to Get More From Your Job," "Hot to Get More for Your Money," "How to Furnish an Apartment from Scratch for $923"—and those are just the stories that start with "How." *Mademoiselle* covers everything in one article: "Health Update: Top to Toe—body proportion, sunglasses, teeth, drugs, acne, tennis elbow, allergies, lice, & more!"

Then there are the numberless pieces about couples like "Bob and Sue." One of them is always getting a promotion, or not getting one, which precipitates anger neither can understand. After the anecdote comes the data from "a recent study," and the analysis. It turns out that "the reasons couples give for their difficulties—conflicts around sex, careers, money, and in-laws—are only symptoms of a more basic, subtle rift in the relationship: *a change in marital balance*." Or a *sexual diamond*, or *emotional circle*, or *psychic tetrahedron*. These phrases evidently explain a great deal. They're in *italics*.

I don't mean to suggest that women's magazines monopolize the wisdom biz. Ink can't hit paper today without a tip to somebody about something. Every publication is full of it.

Dear Abby. Dear Ann. Dear Beth. Dear Playboy. Dear Family Decorator. Investor's Guide. Analyst's Couch. Sex and Health. Your Body. His Body. My Body. Her Body. Anybody. Call for Action.

The *Q*'s pour in. The *A*'s pour out.

Your brother sounds as though he is desperately in need of treatment. Avoid placing the refrigerator or oven so the door opens across a frequently used doorway. Promiscuous love, Si! Promiscuous sex, No! If the kid squeals, he is a total rat. Put him out of the house as soon as possible and take your chances. Reach for all the gusto you can. Why don't you clip this column and keep it near the phone? Mr. Coffee saves coffee, saves money. Eat right to keep fit. Jog. Be yourself. Send no money now. Call a doctor. See your

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

lawyer. Seek professional advice. Wrap yourself in cellophane. Go to your local hospital's V.D. clinic. Many people feel. Some people believe. This is an old wives' tale. A red herring. Completely unfounded. Don't worry about troubles that don't exist. It's perfectly *healthy*. It's *natural*. The qualms you feel are quite irrational. These leftover attitudes are spoiling your happiness. That puritanical sublayer. A silken saddle is a nice bit of autoerotic stimulation. Be careful not to upset associates. Hold the candle high enough above the skin and the liquid wax will have time to cool off. A therapist could help you both to understand the meaning of this behavior. How about brown and white vinyl wallpaper with an English flavor? Keep your sense of humor. Keep your perspective. Keep your hands to yourself. Nothing wrong with your budget that a couple of hundred thousand dollars worth of H bonds couldn't help. Sleeping through sex is generally a drag. Hungry houseplants need wise fertilization. Tell him so in a nonthreatening way. Open up. Let up. Give up. Hang loose. Hang in there. Hang tough. Next time, hang up. What he doesn't know won't hurt him. Many people have this problem. Tell your mum about dad. Tell your dad about mum. Keep mum. Limit yourself to 20 minutes the first day.

Why do we need all this advice? Are we the first people to have lived? Didn't our parents teach us anything?

I've been asking around. John Steinbeck IV told me his father told him three things: "Never eat at a place called Mom's. Don't play cards with a man named Doc. And never trust a woman who tells you that champagne tickles her nose." Another friend recalls that once, when she visited her father in the hospital, "He beckoned me over to his bedside and told me, 'Be sure to change the oil in your car every 6,000 miles.' That's when I realized he thought he was dying." "Don't pay any attention to your teachers, because if they knew anything they wouldn't be teachers" was the advice of one guy's parents. A woman's mother told her always to wear clean underpants, "because you never know when you might get hit by a car."

This is all sound advice, but its applications are limited. We still run into situations we're not prepared for. We shouldn't consider our parents failures, though. The wisdom of the ages isn't much better.

Look to the East: "A journey of a thousand miles must begin with one step." "The further one goes, the less one knows." Look to the West: "Look before you leap." "He who hesitates is lost." Look to the East-and-West: "If you can find a better-built small car than Toyota, buy it."

Wise sayings all, but try to translate them into a plan of action when your wife runs off with the postman. Somehow you just can't learn from other people's experience. Count yourself lucky if you can learn from your own. Lives there a man who has burned the roof of his mouth on a piece of pizza for the *last time*?

All the advice in the world isn't going to help you out. Take my word for it.●

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Did Kissinger withhold Yom Kippur war plans?/Dylan picks his Boswell

The Insider

Politics

I am the Captain of the Pinafore. . .

Feeling as though nothing had changed since their old friend Pat had been elected as New York's junior senator, the Moynihan staff continued to send their memos to "DPM" (Daniel Patrick Moynihan). After getting several, he came out to address his staff. He was not happy. "I want no more DPM's," he told the faithful crew. "I'm *Senator Moynihan.*"

UPI

DPM: They called the wind "Senator"

WIDE WORLD

Moyers to Carter to Turner: The President *hated* the show

Your show of shows

President Carter (along with millions of us) watched Bill Moyer's CBS report on the CIA June 10. After watching nearly an hour of outrages, President Carter (like millions of us) was furious. Unlike millions of us, however, President Carter picked up his phone and called Stansfield Turner, the head of the CIA, and asked him whether he too had seen the Moyers show. Turner hadn't; Carter ordered him to get a tape of the show, watch it, find out whether the documentary's allegations were true. If they had been, Carter told his chief intelligence officer, he wanted to know. Under any circumstances, he wanted a complete report. And if the CIA was still behaving as it had been, President Carter wanted to know, and he wanted it stopped.

The Yom Kippur War: Did we encourage the ambush?

In writing his CIA novel, *Orchids for Mother*, Aaron Latham came across information that led him to believe that American intelligence had advance knowledge of the Arab plan to launch a surprise attack on Israel in October, 1973. "Two days before the Arabs' surprise attack," Latham says, "Secretary of State Kissinger met with Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban and told him, 'Nothing dramatic can happen in October.'"

Kissinger was, according to many sources, consumed with a fear that an intemperate Israel would deliver a devastating first-strike, capable of permanently upsetting the balance of power.

UPI

Captured Israeli soldiers: American intelligence knew, said nothing

Latham was later able to see the CIA's secret "Post-Mortem Report" that asserted: "There *was* an intelligence failure in the weeks preceding the outbreak of war in the Middle East." "Why," Latham asks, "the italics? Why so defensive? Was this an answer to intra-agency critics who said there *was not* an intelligence failure? That the CIA had known all along?" The "Post Mortem" goes on to state: *"Community analysts were provided with a plentitude of information which should have suggested, at a minimum, that they take very seriously the threat of war in the near term. . . . Instead of warnings, the Community's analytical effort in effect produced reassurances.* That is to say, the analysts . . . sought in effect to reassure their audience that the Arabs would *not* resort to war."

Latham's theory: We knew but we didn't want them to know. We wanted to keep the Israelis from striking first. It was the Arabs' turn.

Bituminous bitterness

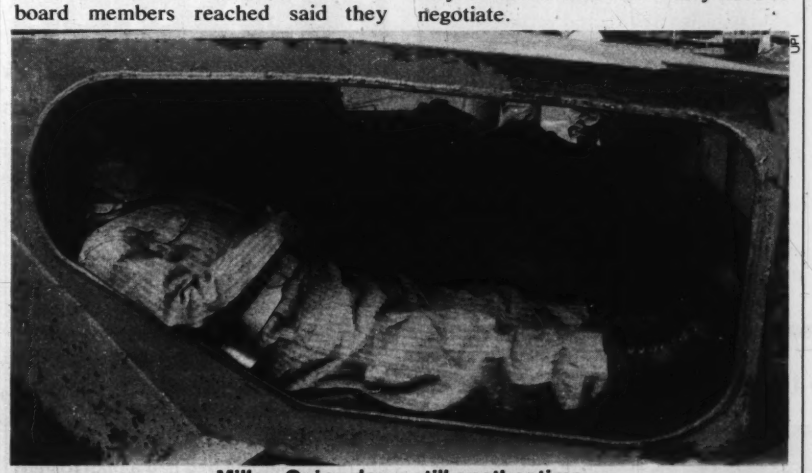
A coal miner's daughter and now a coal miner's wife, Jean Presley thought it proper to hide her preference in the June 14 three-way race for UMW president. But when the 11 p.m. news announced that Arnold Miller had an edge over the Lee Roy Patterson and UMW Treasurer Harry Patrick, Jean put down her cantaloupe to whoop. "Paul (her husband) and I are 150 percent for Miller."

Unofficial tallies showed that the rest of the union was about 41 percent for Miller, 35 percent for Patterson and 25 percent for Patrick. Patterson, a UMW executive board member decided soon after the election that he wanted to challenge Miller's victory. "The only reason I lost this election," he said, "is because it was stolen from me." "We're going to gather our troops and mount a counterattack," said a Patterson worker. "This campaign is far from over."

The last week, Harry Patrick called the election "poisoned" and said he also would demand a new one. The protests most likely will have potency. "I haven't any doubt the board would back my protest," says Patterson, long-entrenched in the forces of the union establishment. Our checks with 14 of the 21 executive board members indicated that he will receive strong support if he decides to challenge the election results: all but two of the executive board members reached said they would approve a rerun, no matter how the final tally in the first election emerges. "I'd definitely support Lee Roy," said district board member J.B. Trout. "I'm confident the majority of the board will also."

If Patterson and Patrick (far more liberal than Patterson and a maverick like Miller) succeed in bringing a new election, it could cause major problems. A spokesman for the Bituminous Coal Operators Association said the industry "was prepared to negotiate in good faith with the winner" when current contracts expire Dec. 6.

Patrick's denunciation of the first race was prompted by Miller's post-election announcement of miners' benefit cutbacks. The 821,000 beneficiaries of UMW's health and retirement fund suddenly will have to pay 40 percent of their doctor bills and the first $250 on hospital bills. Widespread wildcat strikes are expected as a result. Patrick charged Miller held the cutback announcement until after the election—he also charged Miller played a part in helping the cutbacks to life. Miller, in turn, said in an interview last week that the cutbacks are the fault of the coal operators and that he will encounter them on the problem during the upcoming negotiations. If, however, the UMW hasn't yet brought its election from contention, the operators may not know with whom they have to negotiate.



UPI

Miller: Going down still another time

Bagging bags

It had been widely assumed that Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams, unlike his predecessor William Coleman, would regulate seatbelts *and* airbags in our automobiles. It's now said, though, that Adams has had second thoughts about the bags. In the first place, he's not sure they're an especially sure precaution against serious injury. In the second place, Adams, having already taken on the auto industry on the questions of pollution controls and energy, isn't ready to bop the big guys with a third, antagonistic profit-inhibitor.

Seventies

WIDE WORLD

White Sale in Kentucky: Enter the Junior Klan

MousekeKlan

The Boy Scouts began by rubbing two sticks together, but in Kentucky kids are starting with their two sticks not only already on fire but in a cross. The Boy Scouts got to wear neckerchiefs and kneesocks; in Kentucky the kids wear hoods and robes. The Ku Klux Klan has opened its white hems to children. At a nighttime rally in Hardin County, near Louisville, children watched awestruck as a huge crucifix was burned; hooded daddies handed out membership applications. Kentucky Grand Dragon Sherman Adams says its "Junior Klan" has a "substantial" membership and is meeting weekly.

Before court-ordered busing programs hit Kentucky in 1975, the state Klan was almost extinct. Since then, membership has gone up and the Klan has gotten more ambitious. "Public schools are just not doing their job," Adams gently says. "They give our kids a distorted view of history, about the role of the white people and the colored folks."

The Junior Klan (for children from 8 to 18) was formed to supplement public school education and wean future Klansmen. "A daughter of mine came home with a book in social studies full of malicious lies," says Adams. "At Junior Klan, we're teaching things you won't find in history books."

Adams and ten other local Klansmen are currently awaiting trial on charges that they burst into a motor home on February 11, after announcing that they were conducting a drug raid. Reportedly, they found no drugs, smashed furniture, beat up the teenagers inside, fired volleys of bullets into the van and fled. Adams, now held on a $100,000 bond, says he wants his Junior Klan to offset the popular notion that the KKK is nothing but a "bunch of arsonists, murderers and terrorists."

—Christian Augustin

Tangled up in green

UPI

Dylan: And maybe a spread in *Vanity Fair*

Bob Dylan has always believed in the business side of art, and now he and his trusty group of advisers are taking myth marketing and media manipulation for what may be their final ride. Three different writers of our acquaintance have been contacted by Dylan "associates," informed that they've been chosen to fly out to Malibu (Point Dume), California, see the rough cut of Bob's new four-hour film, hang out with the filmmaker long enough to see if some "basis for communication" exists, then write the "true" story of Bob's emergence as a serious, adult, movie director.

The publications where this "true" story will appear have been carefully targeted for maximum impact in the adult art area. They were as carefully chosen as the writers, none of whom fall into the "rock writer" genre. "We don't want any *Rolling Stone* or *Village Voice* groupies," a Dylan associate told one writer. "We want someone who'll be taken seriously." The magazines selected as target publications: *The New Yorker, Harper's, Esquire.*

Rock Dreams, Pt. XIX

This is Tracy Burroughs, 26. We see him below on the 14th day of his 21-day journey as he set a new world's record for marathon drumming. Burroughs, a Westport, Connecticut, drummer, set a previous marathon drumming record in 1974—218 hours, with 2 hours' rest per day. This time, older, he took 5-hour rest periods each day. Burroughs completed the marathon June 24, after a total of 504 hours spent in a Greenwich Village basement club. His long roll is supposed to prove that the rock drummer today lives in the shadow of "uncreative" guitarists.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBARA SIMMONS

Tracy Burroughs: Entering Guinness on a roll

Old judges don't die

After 18 bitter months, the $47.7 million civil damages suit filed by survivors of the December 1969 Chicago police raid/murder at Black Panther leader Fred Hampton's apartment is over. The plaintiffs lost, but they still have the belief that an appeals court will overturn the decisions of addled 80-year-old Judge Joseph Sam Perry.

In mid-April, Perry refused to allow the six-member jury to deliberate and personally dismissed charges against the FBI and former Illinois state's attorney Edward Hanrahan. This ruling left only the seven police officers who fired weapons during the savage pre-dawn shooting spree to stand trial. On Monday, June 20, the jury announced that it was "hopelessly deadlocked" after three days of deliberations. Instead of declaring a mistrial, Perry issued a directed verdict in favor of the defense, a ruling that shocked at least two jurors and most of the spectators in the crowded courtroom.

Expressing satisfaction that the jury was deadlocked, co-counsel Jeffrey Haas, who was once thrown in jail by Perry for questioning a ruling, called the marathon trial "one error after another by a grossly incompetent judge."

—Paul Engleman

Post Scripts

Armies of the night

When 1,414 demonstrators were arrested in Seabrook, New Hampshire, this May (*NT*: May 27), nine members of the press were dragged in with them. "All I saw through the wide-angle lens," said a Boston photo editor, "was the long, distorted arm of the law reaching out over the occupiers to grab me." At the reporters' June 14 trial, Colonel Paul Doyon, head of the New Hampshire State Police, said that he had been "rather naive" in expecting to sanction only AP and UPI photographers. He said he had had a plan to give the two wire services' reps white hard hats. The unhelmeted press were to be, like demonstrators, trespassers.

Although the Colonel's troops announced that the action was brought by the Public Service Company, the property owner, no responsibility for authorization of the charges was accepted by any PSC officers at the trial.

The charges against the media representatives will probably be dismissed on grounds of intent, say defense attorneys.

Hop to trot

Some liquors get sold through subliminal seduction. This May, the bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms decided that labels used by a Scottish brewery on its Tennant's Lager cans were "inappropriate for the American market." They banned further importation of the art objects and collectors' items, right. Although most Americans may never be able to hold a cold can with "Penny in the morning," "Penny at the end of the day," or Penny at any other time, there is a real consolation: Tennant's Lager tasted *terrible.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSICA'S KALISH

Waiting Out James Earl Ray/By Debra Weiner and Christian Augustin

Deep Background

News hadn't been so much fun since Vietnam. The week of June 10 had been slow, so when James Earl Ray made it over the wall at Brushy Mountain State Prison, under the 2300-volt live-wire, and into the poison-snake infested Cumberland Mountains, the Media Pack virtually let out a yell:

"I eat this shit up," said Richard Pyle, once AP's Saigon bureau chief, now based in Washington. "Capitol Hill is all talk. This was real. Fugitives running for their lives . . . manhunt on the mountain . . . bloodhounds tracking humans . . . an out-and-out bad guy. . . ."

The three networks hauled in Winnebago campers and helicopters. CBS brought an 18-person crew. *Time* chartered a plane for its team, flew them from Atlanta to Knoxville in the middle of the night, and stopped its presses. At least 160 reporters were swarming over Brushy Mountain by the morning of the 11th.

Everyone says they hate pack journalism, but it's no longer avoidable. "Everyone writes the same thing," says Gary Hendricks of the Atlanta *Constitution*. "It makes you feel like a vulture."

At Brushy Mountain, Gunter's Grocery was the most convenient spot for local color. Folks on wooden benches in front of the store had developed a talent for quaint talk. They were especially obliging when asked about the prison's other escapes. When the escape whistle blew, "Husbands would grab for their guns and old ladies would grab for their Sears Roebuck catalogues, because men who bagged the escapees found themselves twenty-five dollars richer."

Some reporters tried to cajole guards into talking; most, like J. J. Malone, the Washington *Star* reporter, found that "there's no sense chasing the cops because if anything happens, sooner or later, it will get to the prison. The safest thing to do is just sit on your ass and wait outside the prison gate."

Another alternative was to wait inside the white clapboard shack 15 yards from the gate. Sundays, it was used as a church, weekdays as a visitor's reception center; the week of the 10th, it quartered the press.

The wood floor was gray and chipped, the walls were cracked baby blue. Chairs were scarce, and the one coffee pot was almost always empty. Only one phone was open to the press until AP, UPI and CBS installed their own. All lines got knocked dead when a thunderstorm hit the area.

Unless you worked with a network and your meals were flown in by helicopter, the food was junk. Until Sunday night. Then Rhoda Dagley and her kin Joy Armes arrived with fried chicken, pinto beans, stringbeans, two kinds of corn, biscuits, cornbread, blackberry and peach cobbler, cole slaw, mashed potatoes, cookies, macaroni and cheese. "We just like to meet new people,plus we're nosy," said Joyce.

★★★

The press room's only book was *The Success System That Never Fails*. Some cub reporters apparently digested it—they were shining up to older reporters and sniffing out job connections. Someone found a dead snake and

PHOTOGRAPH BY AGOSTINO VON HASSELL

The Pack is Back: A little bit of Nam in Tennessee

a few press members killed some time kicking its carcass around.

★★★

One reporter to another, pointing to the pair of legs sticking out of a CBS helicopter after it landed in a nearby baseball field: "Guy thinks he's in Vietnam. All the television crews there were the same. The first thing they did when they arrived was buy four different color bush suits."

For members of the press corps who covered Southeast Asia, Brushy Mountain State Prison was like a return visit. "Hanging around in this shack, making the typical cracks, waiting for beer and food—this is Vietnam," says Pyle of the AP. "The place where the johns are looks like a Vietnamese city hall. The copters coming and going in the background—at one point I had to ask Larry Green [of the Chicago *Daily News*] where we were."

★★★

Becca Cottrill, the director of public information for the Department of Corrections, was on vacation in Texas when Ray escaped. When she returned, the first thing she did was sweep the church floor and throw out the garbage. She was three months pregnant and wore a daisy in her hair. She complimented the press for not pushing or shoving, for not shouting or yelling, and for being cooperative and organized.

Some of the press thought things were too organized. At press conferences, the television crew chiefs told the warden where to stand and when to start talking. "The networks take away the spontaneity, which is what news is all about," said one newspaper reporter. "'Hold it, don't start until we're ready!'" he mimicked. "They become part of the story . . . they control the event. Unless there are pictures with the story, the networks won't take it."

Becca understood the networks, and helped out all she could. She scheduled a tour of the exercise yard from which Ray escaped, in time for the evening news.

She also knew how to soothe tempers that blew under tension. A reporter cursed out Chuck Steele, an information officer who released a press statement from the governor and then followed it with, "don't quote me."

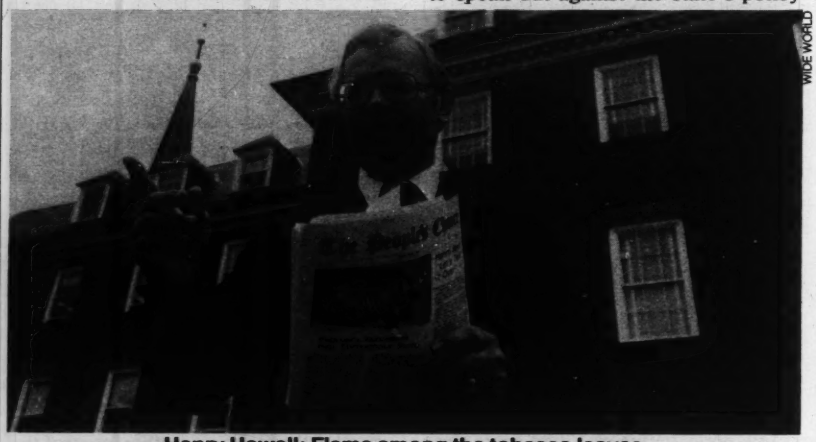
"That cat blew all up at me, but all I meant was 'don't quote me word-for-word, verbatim,'" said Steele. Steele got angry and told the reporter he'd have to "get used to us Tennessee hicks." Becca told Chuck to cool down. Then she told the reporter to forget what Chuck had said. Then she whispered to herself, "I can't wait until all those yo-yos are captured." ●

The Last American Populist /By Ronnie Chappell

Grass Roots

He rides around the state in a used Winnebago, stopping at country stores, shaking hands and putting up campaign posters. In Garrett Epps' political novel *The Shad Treatment* he is Tom Jeff Shadwell, but in Virginia everyone knows "Shadwell" is the real-life Henry Evans Howell of Norfolk. In Virginia, the "Shad Treatment" is the analogy for how a fisherman handles his catch: "Hold still little fish," he says, "while I cut your guts out." For almost his entire political life, Henry Howell has been a little fish, his guts at the mercy of the conservative powers of Virginia politics. But suddenly he seems to be holding the knife himself.

In the Epps book, the political establishment calls him the "anti-Christ" of his state. Certainly his stands have been unusual in a state run



WIDE WORLD

Henry Howell: Flame among the tobacco leaves

forever by the Byrd machine: he is for collective bargaining in the public sector; for the ERA; for postcard voter registration; for a return to the dime phone call. Most of all, in the classic populist mold, Henry Howell has been a demon fighter against the utilities.

Tuesday, June 14, was to have been Henry Howell's last hurrah in state politics. Polls showed Democratic Attorney General Andrew P. Miller ten points in front. Miller's $1 million campaign had put him in sturdy shape. And everything seemed to be falling apart at Howell headquarters. His staff had planned to spend *half* of what Miller put out, but they only raised $340,000. Money from labor organizations, money that had come in during Howell's 1973 gubernatorial race, was in short supply.

Three weeks before election day, Henry Howell's campaign went broke. The slick TV ads that Gerald Rafshoon had put together would go unshown, the newspaper ads would go unbought, the poll workers would go unhired. Howell borrowed $20,000 for last-minute TV time in Washington and Roanoke; it seemed a useless last gasp.

Howell had begun his assault on the ultra-conservative Byrd machine in 1949, when a friend convinced him to go to work for Colonel Francis Pickens Miller, Andrew Miller's father. The older Miller, the anti-organization candidate of postwar Virginia in 1952, had futilely challenged Harry Byrd Sr. for his Senate seat.

"He didn't expect to win when he started," recalls Howell of the campaign. Neither did Howell himself when he ran for the state legislature in 1959 as one of the handful of politicians to speak out against the state's policy of "massive resistence" to court-ordered integration—but Howell won.

During the early sixties, Howell supported the Civil Rights Act and the Voting Rights Act, and went to the United States Supreme Court to have legislative districts reapportioned to cut the Byrd machine's strongholds in Congress. He won again.

By 1969, he had won a statewide reputation as a foe of the Virginia Electric and Power Company and the state's other giant utilities. Gambling that he could attract the Wallace vote—rural blue-collar, nonunion whites angry at the high cost of electricity, hospitalization insurance and government—as well as the votes of newly enfranchised blacks, Howell entered the 1969 Democratic primary. He came close to winning a three-way race. Feeling the heat of party hostility toward him, he left, ran for lieutenant governor and won.

Howell's opposition when he ran for governor in 1973 as an independent was Mills Godwin, an old guard Byrd Democrat who had become a Republican to save the state from the "liberal elements" Howell represented.

The election became a holy war. It was the country store against the country club. Howell relied on pocketbook issues to unite the Wallace vote with the black vote, running against the utilities, the insurance companies and banks. He proposed removing the state sales tax from food and nonprescription drugs. He proposed taxing Virginian corporate investments. Godwin and the conservative leaders claimed he would deliver Virginia into the hands of out-of-state labor barons, that he would help the courts bus children from suburb to ghetto and ghetto to suburb. Howell lost with 49.3 percent of the vote.

The closeness of the race kept 1973's loser confident this year. Despite Miller's seemingly insurmountable lead, Howell talked of "an astonishing upset in the making."

On Election Day, rain covered the state. The big dailies took their last shots at Howell and predicted an easy Miller victory. In Lynchberg, the morning newspaper carried a 72-point bold headline on the front page: "Vote for Miller . . . not for Socialism."

Howell took 51.4 percent of the vote. Miller attributed the victory to the rain (it kept rural whites home), and to the fact that some Miller supporters stayed home out of confidence.

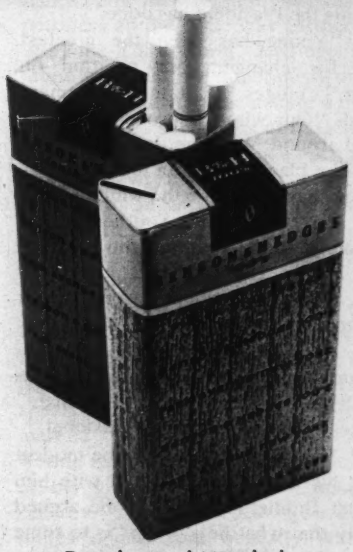
Today, Howell's chances of being elected governor next November have gotten even better. Lyndon Johnson's son-in-law, Charles Robb, has joined the ticket as nominee for lieutenant governor. Busing is no longer an issue (in 1973 Godwin had taken Howell apart on the issue, splitting his natural base of the Wallace vote and the black vote. This year the economic concerns they both share—especially the utility issue—might keep them together). And there is President Carter, a Howell friend since the early 1970s who will stump on the candidate's behalf.

Henry Howell couldn't be more skeptical. "You can't take anything for granted," he says. "I'm never supposed to be governor. You know that. They're always doing something to make people afraid of Henry Howell. They're always putting snakes in the grass." ●

Benson & Hedges 100's

what else can I do but smile.

that's the breaks.



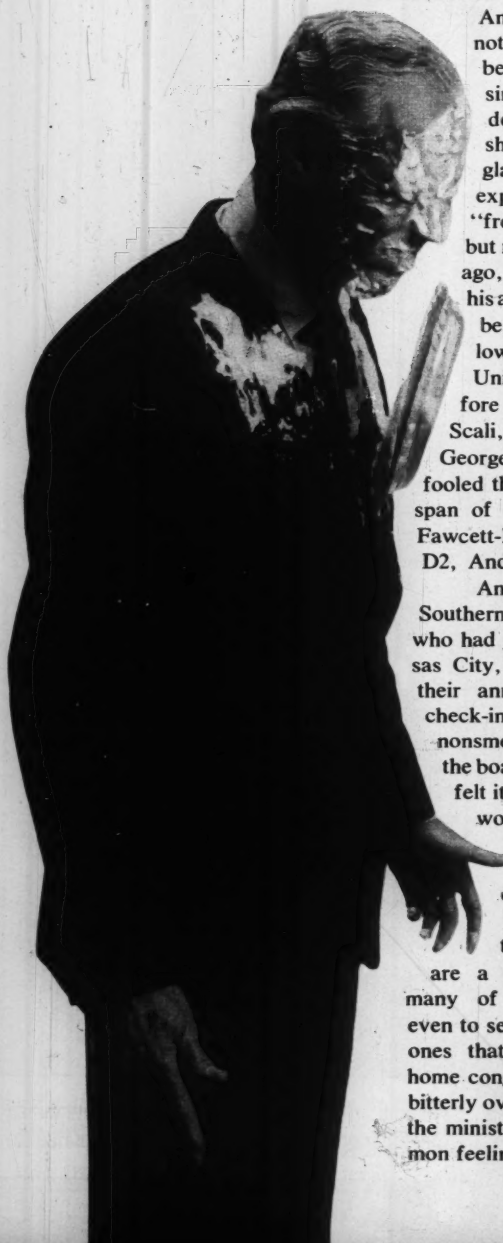
Regular and Menthol

18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BY ROBERT SHRUM

Deep in the heart of Jimmy Carter country, at Atlanta's international airport, representatives of the New South are eddying through corridors and around ticket counters: white men in leisure suits, Afroed women in pantsuits, carpetbagging conglomerators. Suddenly, a pert, green-eyed six-year-old jumps up and down and pulls at her mother's skirt. "Mommy, look!" she squeals, pointing to a figure almost lost in the crowd, an erect amiable-looking man of average height and dark, clear complexion, dressed in a subdued blue suit, striding purposefully through his fellow travelers. And, with a sudden flurry of recognition, the crowd parts to make way for America's newest, freshest celebrity.



Andrew Young's young fan could not name any other Cabinet member. Had she encountered, at a similar age, any of Young's predecessors at the United Nations, she would never have turned a glance. But, as she excitedly explained, she recognized Young "from TV." Not only saw him, but remembered him. A few months ago, Young's critics, and many of his allies, were saying that he would be eclipsed in his new job, swallowed up in the murky bog of the United Nations like so many before him—William Scranton, John Scali, George Bush, Charles Yost, George Ball. But Andy Young has fooled them all. In an incredibly short span of time, as instantly as Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Mark Fidrych and R2-D2, Andy Young has become—a star.

And so he was to a plane-load of Southern Baptist preachers, all white, who had just flown with him from Kansas City, where Young had addressed their annual convention. During the check-in for the flight, as teetotaling, nonsmoking Baptists crowded into the boarding area, the Delta agent had felt it was only fair to forewarn one would-be smoker: "There's going to be an awful small smoking section way back by the engines." Southern Baptists tend to be conservative in all things. Their local churches are a last frontier of integration: many of them have not progressed even to seriously considering it, and the ones that have, like Jimmy Carter's home congregation in Plains, often split bitterly over the issue. But on this flight, the ministers all seemed to have a common feeling, a sense of awe, toward the black man in the front row. Steadily they trooped forward, politely they asked: "Could I have your autograph for my (son, daughter, children, wife)?" One of them, from South Carolina, said he hoped Young would visit that state soon, and added: "I appreciate what you do. Keep up your good work." Standing in the terminal afterward, pulling on his string tie, the Reverend Jack Corry was effusive: "Maybe he puts his foot in his mouth, but you got to admire him. He says what he feels. He's a great man."

Not all the ministers, or all Americans, would say quite that, but most of them would have something to say about Andrew Young. In these days of media hype, everyone can be a star—linemen as well as quarterbacks, lawyers, tennis players, gurus, monks and robots—and, as Robert Altman suggested in *Nashville*, even politicians. But Andy Young is a supernova. He is Carter's symbol among symbols. If Spiro Agnew was the point man of the Nixon regime, Andy Young signifies the Carter Administration, pointing in a different direction.

Appropriately his stardom comes from rocking diplomatic protocol and policy—and rolling confidently with the reactions. He has become a cause of editorial shock, but the papers do spell his name right—and often. He is Carter's most extraordinary achievement in office, more famous than the energy plan, better known to the public than the secretaries of state, defense and treasury combined. His freedom to speak and his influence on policy are as substantive as anything the President has done.

"Young has been the greatest force for changing our position on Africa," judges a State Department official. "Our whole approach has been turned around. We're getting on the right side—the black liberation movements—and that happens to be the winning side, too." Carter, the white Southerner, has let Young, the black man who marched with Martin Luther King, move out front, taking a continent's worth of our foreign relations with him.

But since when is a UN Ambassador supposed to be making African policy? "We have a bureau for that," grouses a foreign service professional.

Young himself tries to be modest about his role. When I talked with him on that Baptist-laden plane, he argued quietly that what he's doing "is to some extent the role UN Ambassadors have always played." Sipping slowly from a glass of champagne (which he has adopted as his sole alcoholic drink for the daily round of diplomatic receptions), he

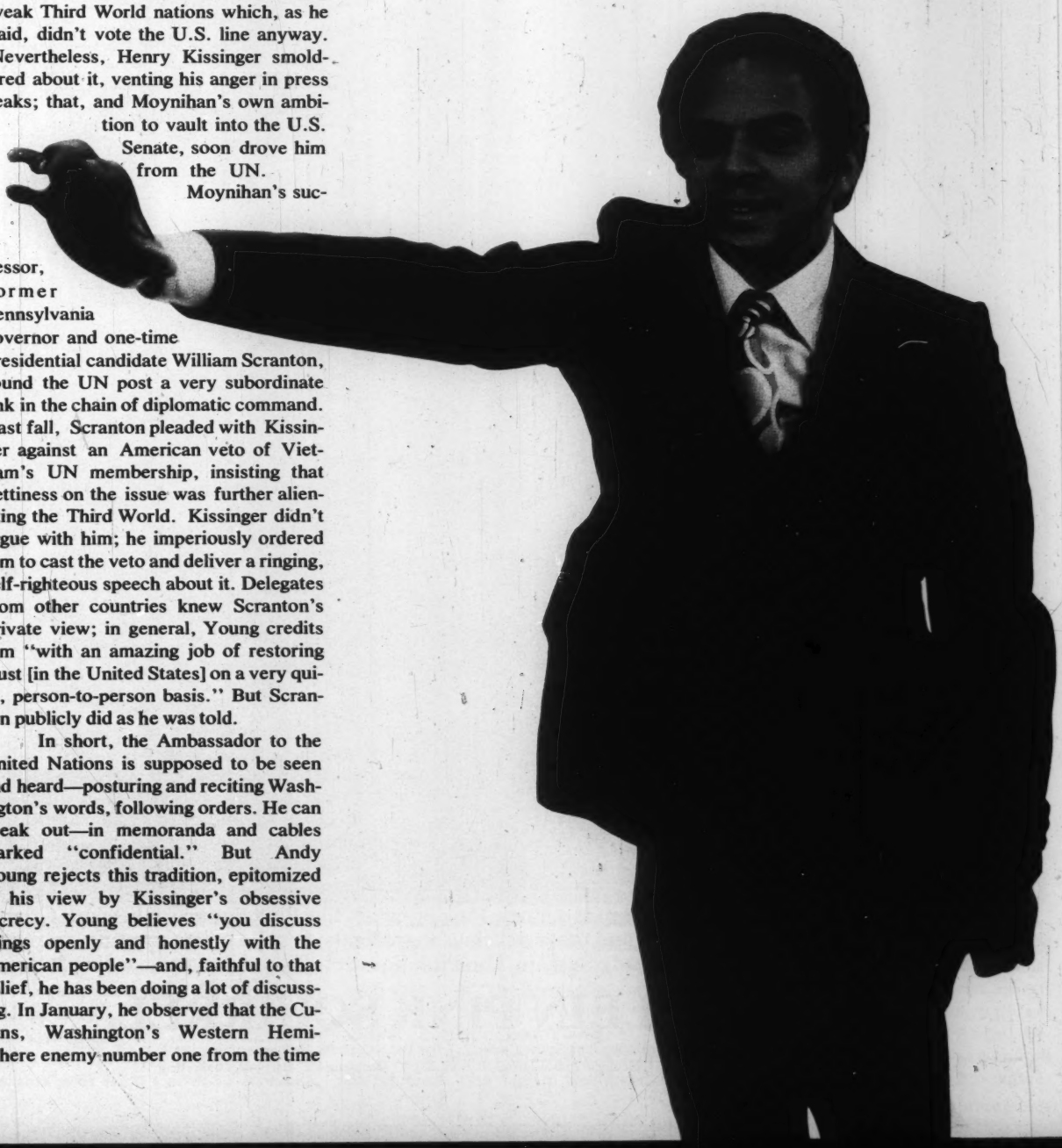
PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT
ANDY YOUNG HEAD PHOTO BY LEO CHOPLIN/BLACK STAR

Andy Young TAKES ON THE WORLD

noted that Dean Rusk, in criticizing him, had actually paid him "kind of a compliment. [He] talked about the problems that he had with Stevenson" at the UN. But in fact Young hasn't just cracked, he's shattered the traditional mold. Adlai Stevenson had been lied to, and dutifully repeated the lies to the Security Council during the Bay of Pigs crisis. Other UN Ambassadors—even Eisenhower's friend Henry Cabot Lodge, who managed his presidential campaign—have been assigned to play second fiddle to the real concertmasters of foreign policy at the State Department. And even that other aberration as UN Ambassador, the flamboyant Daniel Patrick Moynihan, got most of his headlines by insulting weak Third World nations which, as he said, didn't vote the U.S. line anyway. Nevertheless, Henry Kissinger smoldered about it, venting his anger in press leaks; that, and Moynihan's own ambition to vault into the U.S. Senate, soon drove him from the UN.

Moynihan's successor, former Pennsylvania governor and one-time presidential candidate William Scranton, found the UN post a very subordinate link in the chain of diplomatic command. Last fall, Scranton pleaded with Kissinger against an American veto of Vietnam's UN membership, insisting that pettiness on the issue was further alienating the Third World. Kissinger didn't argue with him; he imperiously ordered him to cast the veto and deliver a ringing, self-righteous speech about it. Delegates from other countries knew Scranton's private view; in general, Young credits him "with an amazing job of restoring trust [in the United States] on a very quiet, person-to-person basis." But Scranton publicly did as he was told.

In short, the Ambassador to the United Nations is supposed to be seen and heard—posturing and reciting Washington's words, following orders. He can speak out—in memoranda and cables marked "confidential." But Andy Young rejects this tradition, epitomized in his view by Kissinger's obsessive secrecy. Young believes "you discuss things openly and honestly with the American people"—and, faithful to that belief, he has been doing a lot of discussing. In January, he observed that the Cubans, Washington's Western Hemisphere enemy number one from the time



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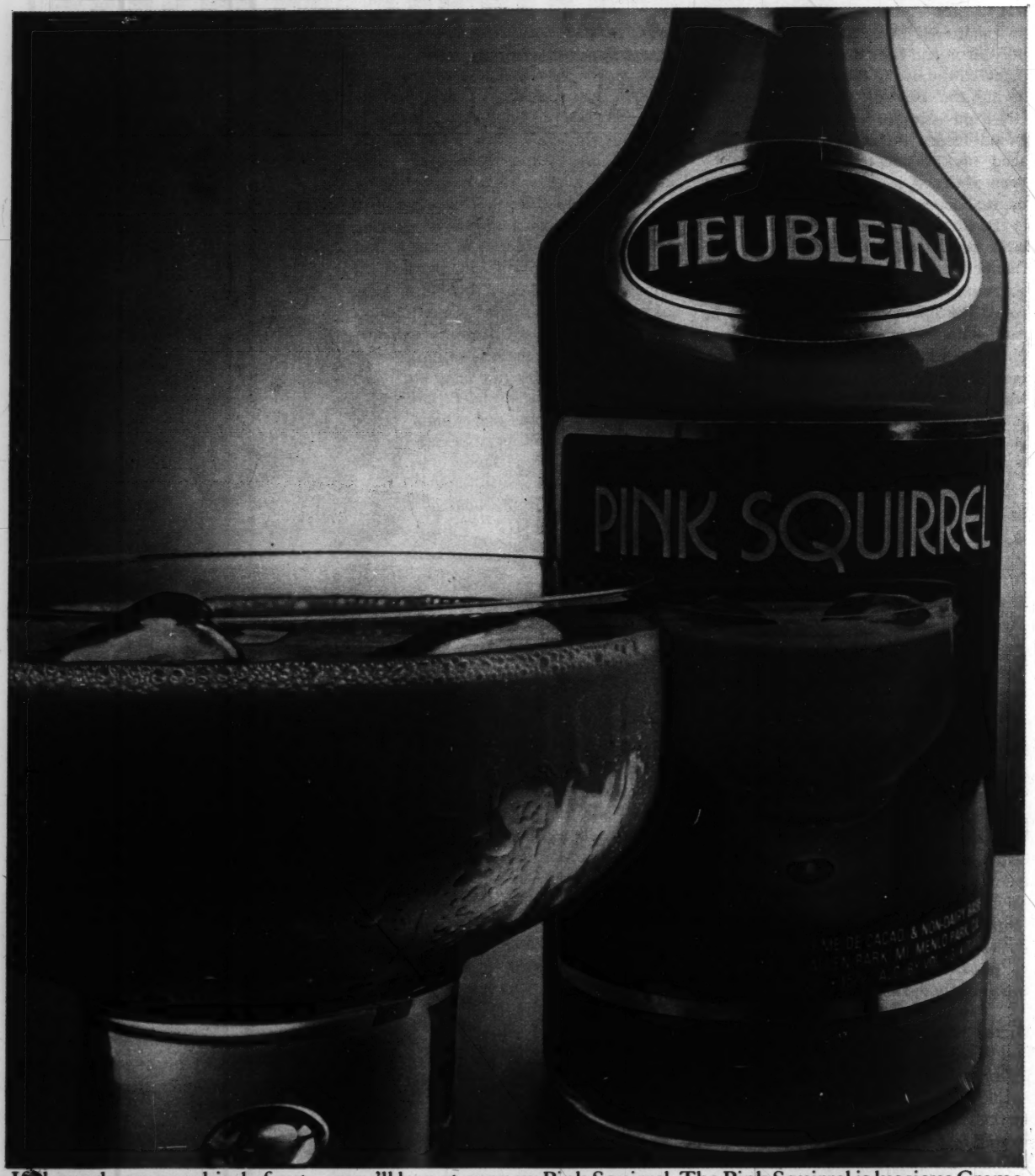

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of Eisenhower to Ford, had brought "a certain stability and order" to Angola by stationing troops there. In March he rebuked the British, America's closest ally. "No one," he said, "has any confidence" in their Rhodesian diplomacy. Since then, he has accused them of "inventing racism," denounced the South African government as "illegitimate," disdained the "paranoid" fear of Marxist takeovers in Africa, and warned that black American soldiers wouldn't follow orders to fight African liberation forces. In May, the British got it again for their "old colonial mentality." Young also assailed the Swedes: they are "terrible racists." And the Russians: they are "the worst racists in the world." And New York City's Borough of Queens: the racism there was as bad as Sweden, and vice versa.

The *Playboy* interview hit in June, though Young had recorded it three months earlier. Back then, he now remembers with a laugh, he had predicted that "by the time this comes out, all the heat will be off." Instead, it got hotter. For it turned out that, by Young's definition, Nixon and Ford were "racists," too. The headlines blared the charge without the explanation—that Young was not assessing culpability (a generous gesture in the case of Nixon who was, after all, the author of the anti-black version of a Southern strategy). Rather, as Young told me, he was talking about "a problem everywhere"—of "coming to cope with cultural differences."

At the height of the uproar, Young says, he sought a meeting with Carter, who reassured him: "I remember when that first started happening to me in the campaign. It's hard to get used to, but don't get discouraged." The President, Young continues, knew that the *Playboy* comments were taken out of context: "When you read the whole article, it's very plain what you were talking about," Carter told his UN Ambassador, recalling his own experience with an earlier *Playboy* interview.

"And that was that," says Young. Did the President tell him that he wished he hadn't said some of the things he has? "No," Young answers. Neither, he adds, have Secretary of State Cyrus Vance nor presidential aides Jody Powell, Hamilton Jordan and Jack Watson. He's asked their advice "frequently, because I don't want to be operating as a fifth wheel." Vance "hasn't even hinted," Young continues, that he should hold his tongue. "On a lot of the things I'm saying, on all the Africa stuff, there's a general Administration consensus that goes from Carter to Mondale, Vance and [National Security Adviser Zbigniew] Brzezinski."

A close Vance adviser seconds that view. "The Secretary knew in advance that Young would be more independent than any other Ambassador," the adviser recounts. "They met during the transition for several long talks. Vance was sensitive to Young's relationship with Carter from the beginning." Another Vance associate insists that "the Secretary just won't cut Andy. Even in private conversations with us, there's no note of irritation." Young himself recalls a meeting with Vance "in the midst of all this flack about the Swedes and Russians. He wasn't interested in that at all. . . . He treated the headlines as basically press flack."

Over drinks at an April cocktail party, *Washington Post* columnist Joseph Kraft and AFL-CIO Secretary-Treasurer Lane Kirkland, a George Meany cold warrior, bearded the Secretary of State. "We never know who's running foreign policy," Kraft challenged, "you, Young, or Carter." Kirkland seconded the complaint. Vance smiled. "We all have a hand in it," he replied. That was how Carter wanted it, he said, and that was fine with him. Vance may suffer occasional upsets, but they're very minor, says a Carter appointee at the State Department. "He didn't expect Andy to be quite this free-wheeling. He thought he would be more political. On the other hand, he doesn't believe history is changed by today's headline. At worst, he's sometimes bemused."

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But reading *New York Times* senior pundit James Reston, one would have to assume that the Secretary of State is a minority of one in his own Department. In May, Reston flatly wrote that State was "appalled at Young's antics." Well, it all depends on what State Department you're talking about. One is made up of the Carter appointees from outside the Foreign Service. The other, as a Carter man puts it, is "the permanent corps of professional diplomats, many of whom *are* very unhappy about Young."

The State Department is literally hierarchical: the higher the floor, the higher the official. Sitting in their offices on the sixth and seventh floors, the top of the State Department, Carter recruits were defending Young vigorously early in June. One of them laughed off the comments on racism in Sweden and Britain: "So what? The Swedes and the British aren't up in arms." Of Young's statement that Cuban troops in Ethiopia (as well as Angola) "might be a good thing," another official shrugged: "All right, he's just saying the unsayable. We came down hard in favor of Moroccan troops helping Zaire to put down a revolt. Hell, we helped arrange it. That's exactly what the Cubans are doing in Ethiopia. So aren't we hoist by our own petard?" Thus Young, too, answers his critics: "They've never taken me to task [for] an inaccurate statement. . . . They say: 'Should a diplomat talk this way?'"

From the beginning, the answer of the mossback professionals, the other, non-Carter State Department, "the percentage of bureaucrats that were Kissinger's pets," as Young calls them, was that all this candor had to be stopped. One counterattack came only a month into Young's tenure, in March, when the State Department's official spokesman reprimanded Young aide Brady Tyson for publicly acknowledging the CIA's complicity in the overthrow of Chilean President Salvador Allende. To Young, it seemed like a defiance of common sense to say that the U.S. government did not recognize that the CIA was involved. He attributes the reprimand to the fact that "we were still in the midst of a transition and the spokesman was basically the spokesman for the previous Administration."

In the initial aftershock of Young's own bluntness, his foremost critic at State was Philip Habib, the Undersecretary for Political Affairs, the top careerist in the Department. Habib is a 28-year veteran of the Foreign Service who planned Vietnam policy, in Saigon and Washington, through the entire decade of the war. "Phil clearly represents the professional establishment here," a Department colleague said, "and he was outraged at Andy." Young's conduct was discussed in "The Small Group," a regular meeting of the half dozen ranking officials in the State Department, including Habib; but in that inner sanctum, Vance came down on Young's side.

Meanwhile the professionals were leaking a running stream of rumors that this, that, or the next official was aghast. Within the Department, Young's phrase for the Cuban presence in Angola became a rueful synonym for any and all foreign policy setbacks. The Russian re-

jection of the SALT proposal, the traditionalists laughed, was "another stabilizing influence."

They laughed and leaked in vain. "Habib made his point, argued it, and lost it," says an Assistant Secretary of State. "He's a team player"—and six blocks from Foggy Bottom the captain of the team was sending a different signal from the White House. Following Young's soft words for the Cubans in Ethiopia and his tough verdict on Swedish, British and Russian racism, the President volunteered to the Cabinet that Andy Young would go down in history as a "great man." Carter pointedly instructed his press office to relay the remark to reporters. According to a senior presidential adviser, "Jimmy reacts harshly to any criticism of Andy." He recounted a Carter session with eight or nine aides, including National Security staffers: "One of them made the mistake of saying Andy's going too far. Jimmy's answer was short and not sweet, something like: 'I don't agree with that at all.' His eyes were even harder than his voice."

One explanation for the President's attitude is that in fact there are *two* Andrew Youngs. The other one is Jimmy Carter. A State Department careerist has complained: "Young's as bad as the President." Carter, says a White House source, reciprocates the feeling: "His affection for the State Department bureaucrats is not exactly overwhelming." They don't like his public frankness about the terms of the Middle East settlement any more than they do Young's candor on Africa, the aide continues, "but Jimmy keeps doing it while they wring their hands."

After the President's statement on "defensible borders" for Israel, the State Department issued a clarification. "He kind of went along with that," said the source of this story, "to keep from embarrassing the spokesman, but he knew what he was doing." Then, at his first town meeting in Clinton, Massachusetts, in March, Carter endorsed the concept of a "homeland for the Palestinians." Never before had any president, any secretary of state—any American diplomat—officially and favorably even mentioned that phrase. After the town meeting, Jimmy Carter phoned the State Department; a startled duty officer took the call. The President told him what he had said in Clinton and politely asked him to pass a message on to the Department's spokesman: he did *not* wish to be clarified. And who is the source of the story? None other than Young himself, who tells it with the appreciation of a fellow heretic from the faith that the bureaucracy always knows better.

From protest to power: Top, Selma 1965—Sheriff Jim Clark prevents Young, Martin Luther King and Ralph Abernathy from entering the courthouse. Bottom, UN 1977—Young confers with Angola's UN Ambassador

But it is not merely the exercise of candor, a manner of style, that has united Carter and Young and separated them from the old-liners at the State Department. While the press was focusing on Young's verbal pyrotechnics, it seemed to be mostly missing the real story—that Andrew Young was not only getting away with remarks, say, about racist presidents, but, to paraphrase John Erlichman, that all the while he was getting away with the bigger enchilada: American policy in Africa.

The State Department's Director of Policy Planning, Tony Lake, who came in with the new Administration, says that "Young pushed for looking at Africa in African terms instead of East-West terms." In the past, the U.S. tolerated and even aided Portuguese colonialism and racist regimes in Southern Africa because the other side *had* to be suspect: The Soviets were on it. In his 1976 book, *The Tar Baby Option*, Lake, then an adviser to the Carter campaign, assailed the resulting "policies of straddle and ambiguity."

Young did not set out willy-nilly, on his own, to change those policies. From the beginning, Young says now, it was the President "who pushed me into Africa. I mean he had me on the way to Africa before I got sworn in." Young's comments on that trip and later were attacked largely as violations of diplomatic style. In fact, the deeper alarm among the traditionalists was the substance behind the style: Young's words were sounding the death knell of their old African policy. "They felt that you had to compromise with South Africa," Young reports, "and use South Africa to help" in negotiations with the all-white government in Rhodesia and in securing independence for Namibia, a territory under UN supervision, currently occupied by the South Africans.

That definitely is not the Carter

policy, as Young sees and says it: "It's not in our interest to be associated with South Africa, if they continue to perpetuate a system of apartheid which the whole world is opposed to. Evans and Novak got upset because I sat down with [South African Foreign Minister] Botha and told him that. Brzezinski had told him the same thing a few weeks earlier. Vance had told him the same thing. I think the South African government always feels as though there's enough racism in America that they can appeal to American racism over the head of the President and the Administration and get support."

So it was that a sharp difference over substance brought Young into conflict with Assistant Secretary of State for Africa William Schaufele. Schaufele was a holdover from the Kissinger years—and, in the phrase of another Assistant Secretary, "from the Kissinger assumptions. He was astonished by Young's conduct." The two men disagreed repeatedly. Schaufele favored a hard line against the Cubans in Angola and a softer line on South Africa. In March, he advocated a heavier commitment to Zaire when rebels invaded that country from Marxist Angola. Instead, the Administration limited American aid sharply, as Young recommended. "The U.S. commitment was small enough that we could afford to lose," figured one of its sponsors, "and just enough that Zaire might win." And William Schaufele was bound to lose: the Administration was developing a new African policy—but the Assistant Secretary of State for Africa was clinging to the past. Schaufele had been kept on because he was intimately familiar with the ongoing British mediation in Rhodesia. No one assumed he would stay indefinitely; now his stay would be as short as possible. (And in the tradition of the State Department professionals, when he left, it would be to an ambassadorship—in his case, to Greece.)

But while he remained, somebody else who agreed with the policy and therefore could be trusted with it would have to oversee African affairs in Washington. Carter chose Vice President Walter Mondale to do it. The move was hardly a slap at Young, as some pundits assumed. Young knew about it and approved it in advance. When Mondale traveled to Vienna to give South African Prime Minister John Vorster the bad news—that, yes indeed, Andy Young's dim view of apartheid was the official one, he stopped over in Lisbon. The sole purpose was symbolic: Young, who was in Africa, flew to Lisbon to confer with the Vice President, though both of them were well aware already of what Mondale's message to Vorster would be. "There was nothing to discuss," conceded an official who was there. "It was just a means of reaffirming Young's status."

Meanwhile, the search for a permanent replacement for Schaufele was very much underway. Vance offered the post to Wayne Fredericks, a former State Department aide with a liberal record on Africa. Fredericks replied that he would have to think it over. But then, on a business trip to London early in May, he was hit by a truck and ended up flat on his back in the hospital. It was acutely embarrassing for State to have the Vice President keep subbing for an Assistant Secretary, so just before Memorial Day, the question was put for the last time, this time to Fredericks on his sick bed. He had to decide then and there. He said no.

In seeking an alternative, one qualification ranked above all the others: "The guy had to get along with Young," said an official involved in the selection, "because Young does not *have* to get along with him." In the end, Vance picked Deputy Undersecretary for Management Dick Moose, who had traveled Africa with Young in May.

By late May, with Schaufele on the way out and presidential encomiums for Young coming regularly, his clout had been demonstrated beyond doubt, even to dissident professionals in the Foreign Service. Around State, there was still grumbling, but most of it was muted. Assistant Secretary Joe Duffey, a long-time friend of Young's, reported: "You hear less and less of it now."

But all this changed in a matter of days: that *Playboy* interview was released, the leaks were reopened—and for the first time, despite Carter's explicit reassurances, there was an implied crack in his solid support for Young. Shortly after their post-*Playboy* meeting, in a session with the Magazine Publishers Association, the President seemed to be reining in his UN Ambassador: the two of them, he said, had agreed that Young was concentrating too heavily on Africa. Henceforth, he would spend more time on Latin America and Asia.

Young himself insists that he saw

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Bemused: Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, an associate says, "just won't cut Andy," even in private conversations

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB FITCH/BLACK STAR

Bad rules were made to be broken: Young marches with Dr. King in Philadelphia, Mississippi, in 1966

no such significance in the shift, which, he explains, "really happened quite accidentally." There was another African conference scheduled for August and Young was reluctant to take another trip to Africa so soon. So he went to Carter and "said that I would hope we could get the Vice President to go." In addition, the Bureau of International Organization of the State Department "wanted me to spend some time in Asia."

But Young's decision to raise these possibilities with Carter was hardly a pure coincidence. There was presidential prompting beforehand. Young's mail had brought a soft but not subtle hint from the White House—that "people volunteered on Mrs. Carter's Caribbean tour that it would be very helpful if the President would let me come down there. He wrote me a note saying that a number of people, mainly the President of Costa Rica and the Prime Minister of Jamaica, asked if I could come. It suggested that I spend some time in the Caribbean." It was then and only then that Young requested that post-*Playboy* meeting with Carter, "to talk to him about . . . the schedule for the next three months. And he agreed that it would be good for me to get involved in something else" other than Africa. "Carter had to do it," one of his men at the State Department argues. "He had to take some of the pressure off Andy for a while—the press was killing him."

Whether Young caught the drift of the President's maneuver or not, he now sounds like a man trying to be cautious. Even moderate leaders in black Africa want U.S. sanctions against South Africa; but while Young is willing to call such sanctions "an available option," he quickly adds that "I don't think we'll get to it." He insists, at length, that economic pressures short of American sanctions will be sufficient. But what if they aren't? Young stubbornly replies: "I never think of failure because sanctions, whether economic sanctions or an arms embargo, are like money in the bank—you can only use it once. And what do you do for an encore?" He professes that short of that point the U.S. can persuade the South Africans to be rational: "I see us making them understand. There ain't no virtue in fighting to the death when you can make some adjustments and live."

"I think the South African government always feels as though there's enough racism in America that they can appeal to American racism over the head of the President," Young says

Young is similarly diffident about the stiffer demand of militant African leaders—that if America means its new policy, then it should aid the liberation movements. Asked whether the U.S. should consider moral support, economic aid, or military aid to those movements, he doesn't say "never"; he avoids the question. He suggests scholarship funds to "increase the number of educated [African] blacks. And that's where American business can make a significant contribution."

The neatest balance Young strikes is in the Asian area, where he's supposed to be focusing now. He won't "forever rule out economic aid to Vietnam," but "neither would I be ready to fight for it right now." He will "fight for it when it's necessary," but "it's not really necessary now."

Young may have come to recognize that prudence is often the better part of candor, but try as he might, such reticence doesn't come naturally to him.

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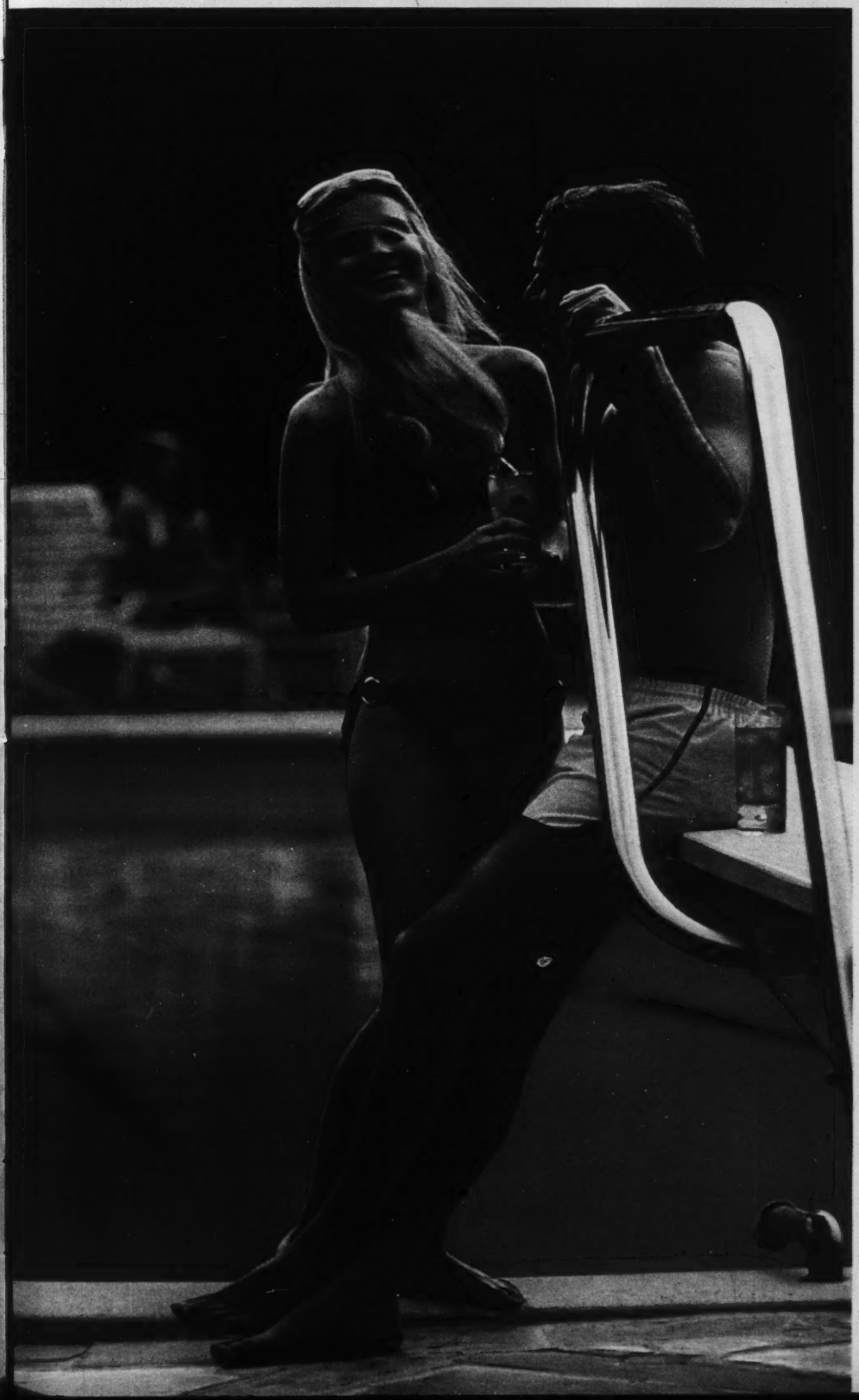

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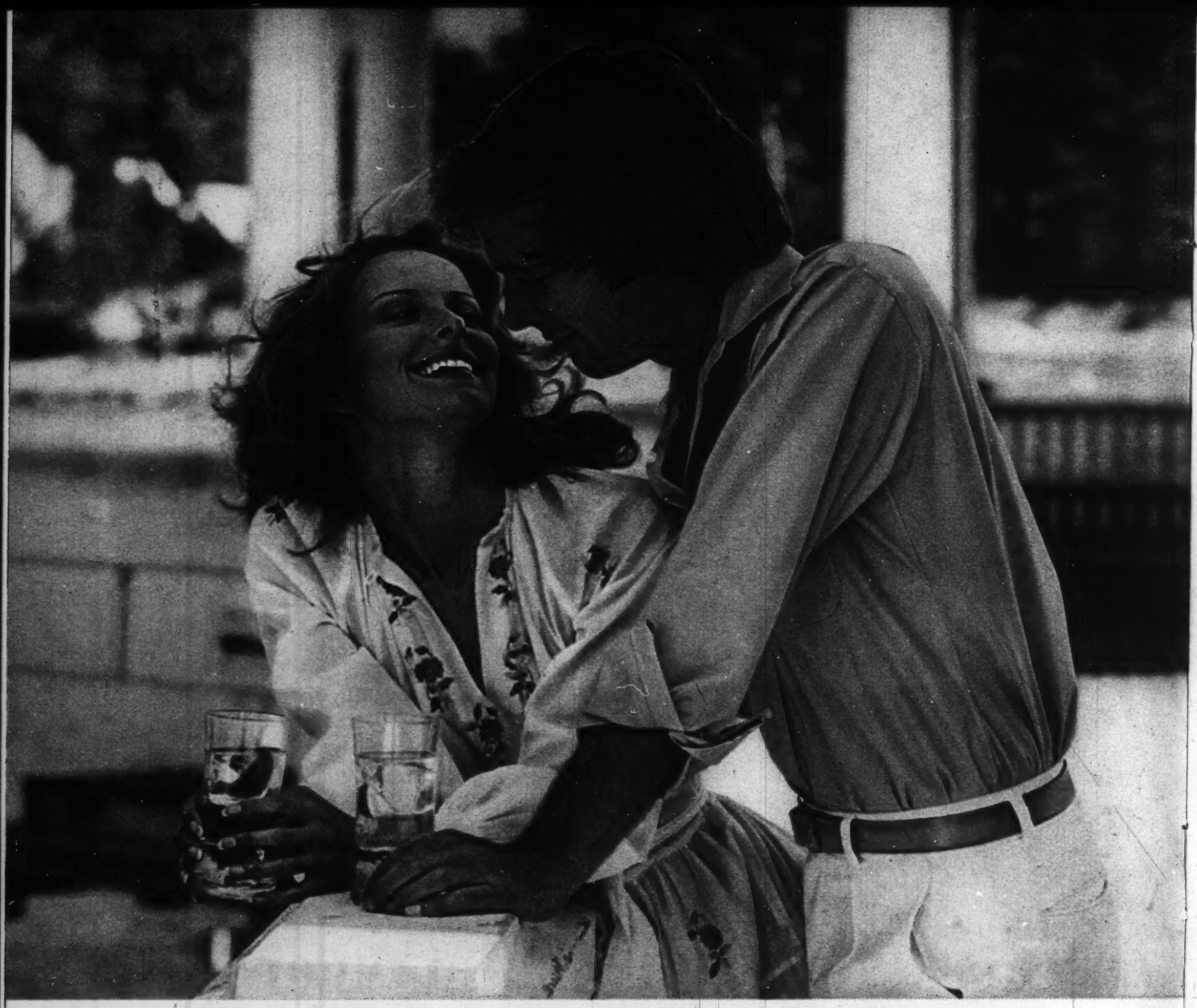

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The candor obviously struggles to get out—and it still succeeds most of the time. Young's honesty keeps rearing its blunt head. Thus, though he may hem and haw a little about the Cuban troops in Angola "propping up a government which is not representative of the majority," he finally blames that government's existence on our own "racial ignorance"—which led us to think that the South Africans, intervening against the Marxists, "could kind of serve as liberators." Nor would Young require the withdrawal of Cuban forces from Angola as a condition for normalizing relations with Cuba: "Cuban troops are protecting Gulf Oil's installations in Cabinda," an Angolan province, Young explains. "Do we want to assign the 101st Airborne to replace them? I don't think so. I'd just as soon leave them there."

Young also defends the proposition that one-party Marxist rule in Africa is more democratic than the South African system, which "denies not only political participation, but it denies economic opportunities, it denies social opportunities, it denies all civil liberties." He would "have several standards, not just a double standard"; South Africa "ought not be compared with Tanzania, which came to independence with less than 10 college graduates." Or to Mozambique, which "was totally exploited by the Portuguese and abandoned." The Marxist government there, he continues, "has done miraculously well."

Young argues that even if very poor countries organize along "socialist lines, I think inevitably they will evolve toward capitalism. The difference between me and the right wing in America is that they tend to believe the Marxist prophecy that they'll bury us." Cautiously observing that the pragmatic, Western-oriented countries of Africa seem to have an advantage in economic development, Young finally and frankly concludes: "But I tend to try to be non-ideological. I just want to see who's going to feed the poor. That's the only thing I'm interested in. I don't care what they call their system: if they are feeding hungry people and wiping out disease, I'm with them." He provides an example, the one most likely to irritate his conservative critics: "Castro did a very good job in Cuba in terms of rural reorganization, with tremendous Soviet subsidies. But when it came time to industrialize, the Soviet system failed him altogether. And I think he's very much looking to the West for systems to continue industrial development."

Young believes that if the U.S. responds to the needs of Third World Marxist nations, we can "have either genuine non-alignment or predominant American influence anywhere—including Cuba." But if the West doesn't offer a choice, he warns, citing South Africa, "if you're going to lock people out of the free enterprise system, not let them participate in businesses, not pay them for their work, what do you expect? They can't be capitalists—they got to be communists."

Given his irrepressible forthrightness, Young is bound to be continually controversial, even as he attempts to be careful. So the critical question for him is not whether Jimmy Carter shares his skepticism toward diplomatic styles (after all, says a State Department official, "Carter doesn't encourage the Ambassador to France to act like Young")—or even whether the President agrees privately, as a White House source suggested in May, "with virtually everything Andy has said so far." It's what Young may have to say in the future that worries one of his friends in the State Department. What if American persuasion doesn't work in South Africa, for instance, "and Andy comes out for sanctions?" Young claims that "most of the 436 American corporations with holdings in South Africa" are strong enough that they could close their subsidiaries there and they wouldn't really disrupt their operations." To the contrary, argues his friend, "they would howl at the very idea. And that would be the true test of Carter on Young."

Some columnists, Young says, have the "problem of a burned-out liberal. Now these are people who really went off the deep end on Vietnam and got burned, and they can't believe or hope or trust in anything anymore. They can't believe that the United States can do anything right, so they're super-cynics"

Of course, this scenario begs the question even while hypothesizing it. The test could be posed in many contexts, but only one question will count in all the hard cases: what is the tie that binds Carter and Young—how strong is it, how long can it hold? One Administration official who knows both men shakes his head as he answers: "It's horseshit that there's any special tie. They're not black-white blood brothers. What there is, is a mutual need." He characterizes Young's support for Carter's candidacy in early 1976 as "qualified. Andy didn't say he was the best liberal, just the best we're going to get."

Young himself remembers an uncertain, almost inadvertent path to becoming Jimmy Carter's main man last year—the only person, Carter was to say, without whom he could not have been nominated. During Carter's term as Governor of Georgia, Young recalls, "I really stayed clear of him." An assistant in his office would "call me" and "get me on the phone with him, but it was always kind of reluctant on my part. I guess I began to realize how unfair that was, that he really was a good man." At the same time, Young had run—and won—for Congress in a 62 percent white district; he thought "there was another Southern strategy that would make for a liberal South." So he started working with Carter "mainly because of the South and Florida," where a victory for the Georgian in the Democratic primary would end George Wallace as a national threat. Young figured Carter could also win New Hampshire—and "that he could be Vice President."

In the beginning, then, Young "didn't want to sign on with him until the very end." For one thing, after Robert Kennedy's assassination, Young had written a letter to Edward Kennedy, promising that "if he ever decided to run for President, I'd help him—and I still had that." He also had a "tremendous loyalty" to Hubert Humphrey, and he "liked" Mondale. So he was "reserving his options."

But in January 1976, the *Village Voice* published an anti-Carter piece that Young considered unfair and anti-Southern. He "sat down and just wrote a long answer and I really got kind of carried away. The next thing I knew there were 50,000 copies of that letter being printed and distributed around New York. I just got involved and couldn't get uninvolved. I kept getting in deeper and deeper and deeper."

So perhaps the Carter-Young connection is largely a product of political happenstance and gratitude. Perhaps, as an Administration official calculates, "Carter could change his attitude if it was in his self-interest." Thus columnist James Reston is sure that the President sticks with his UN Ambassador only because Young "has the blacks on his side." A frustrated social spender at

HEW suspects that Young "is Carter's sop to the blacks. They're getting him and a liberal African policy instead of full employment."

Young scorns the explanation that he is merely a symbol with an electoral hammerlock on the President: If he were gone from the UN tomorrow, "I would still campaign for him in 1980." Yet Young himself has trouble shaping an explanation of his relationship with Jimmy Carter. They didn't see each other alone between last December and this March. Though they are both avid tennis players, they have never met on a court. They do not converse casually. Even on official business, they seldom talk. Is this a friendship? "I don't know," Young gropes, shaking his head, "it's very . . . it's almost eerie."

Carter insiders provide some insight. "Jimmy regards Young's instincts as superb," says pollster Pat Caddell. "He really does regard him as special, as the embodiment of idealism in this Administration." Caddell traces the President's feeling to the "ethnic purity" crisis. Young disavowed the statement, but not the man who made it. Young recalls: "I figured the black community was already on board, and that the clincher for the nomination was to get the liberals and the intellectuals." Along with Rosalynn Carter, he persuaded the candidate to retract and apologize. "Andy talked to him during that flap with warmth and candor," says Caddell. "Around then, Jimmy began to see a very special quality in him."

According to another Carter intimate, "The President wanted Andy in the Administration worse than anyone else." Within weeks of the election, Young decided on his own that he might like to go to the UN, but he hadn't yet told the President-elect when they met one December afternoon. He never got the chance to tell him. Carter began by offering Young the job and pressed him at length to accept it. "Jimmy almost begged him to do it," says an aide who was privy to the transition process.

Soon afterward, in the elegantly subdued 33rd floor waiting room of Cyrus Vance's Wall Street law firm, Andy Young, on his way in to see Vance, bumped into Joe Duffey, who was on his way to becoming Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. Though the Young appointment already was all but official, the Ambassador-about-to-be asked Duffey what he thought. Duffey advised him to take the post and make it a pulpit: from it, Young, an ordained minister and Martin Luther King's deputy for seven years, could speak to the country as well as for it.

UPI

A relationship that is "almost eerie": The President holds his Ambassador's son following the announcement of Young's appointment last December

"I've sure done a lot of that," Young smiles now. He doesn't see himself as having abandoned his old role, but as fulfilling it in a new forum. When Young went from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the Congress, he continued to preach—the social gospel. And at the United Nations, he is less the heir of Ambassador Scranton, who reluctantly went by the usual rules, than of the Reverend King, who taught that bad rules were made to be broken. The UN is Andrew Young's Ebenezer Baptist Church. He is our minister there in both senses of that word.

A senior presidential adviser recalls the time another aide "made the mistake of saying Andy's going too far. Jimmy's answer was short and not sweet, something like: 'I don't agree with that at all.' His eyes were even harder than his voice"

Thus Africa was a moral issue where he could make a mighty contribution, so he took it up. It is a test that the Third World is applying to us—and therefore, he insists, it is a proper task for the UN Ambassador. William Scranton thought it would take ten years to restore the American position at the United Nations. Young, he says, has done it in less than one.

Why then are the establishment columnists so critical? Because, a Young friend suggests, they conceive of themselves as advising presidents and secretaries of state from nearly equal Olympian heights, and after years of doing so, they have absorbed the conventional assumptions of power. Evans and Novak, he contends, are "a special case." They defend the South Africans because "they find a Soviet pea under every mattress." Of the disaffected mainstream columnists like Reston and Kraft, Young himself says: "What you get in a number of these—and I'm just sensing this—is a problem of a burned-out liberal. Now these are people who really went off the deep end on Vietnam and got burned, and they can't believe or hope or trust in anything anymore. They can't believe that the United States can do anything right, so they're super-cynics."

Kraft does worry that Carter and Young want to do too much—and that they will become too righteous. He has assailed Young's global moralism and "Carter's own original untutored gospel." Unquestionably, Young's dual ministry sometimes does echo the overconfident messianism of America before it lost a war. Young speaks of the United States "being on the side of right and justice regardless of what's involved"—which is not that different from pledging to "pay any price, bear any burden. . . ." Young stumbles across the analogy himself: "I want to get American foreign and domestic poli-

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN HAWKINS/SYGMA

Outsiders inside: Is it possible to be at the UN and in the kingdom of truth, always "on the side of right and justice"?

cy back on the track it was in the sixties, where we were giving leadership to the world."

But he also recognizes the danger, and he insists that the American approach has changed markedly. He describes a running debate he had with a reporter covering his African journey in May. "I'm taking notes on you guys," the reporter said at the start. "It's *The Best and The Brightest, Part Two.* I can just see you all doing everything in Africa that we did in Vietnam." Young kept hammering at the differences: "All you have to do is look at Zaire. In Vietnam [the U.S. was] making decisions for other people, running in, trying to dominate. Everything we're doing in Africa is very restrained. We're working *with* other parties, *through* other parties." Finally, "after 17 days arguing," Young smiles, "he came around."

Others may never be converted. The traditionalists can't believe that Andy Young is for real. And they can't believe he will last. In effect, they comfort themselves, a supernova, in astronomy or foreign policy, flares suddenly and shines brightly, but it also burns out fast.

Young is stoically defiant about that: he will keep speaking as he has from the United Nations "as long as I'm there." And if one day he puts his foot so far down the establishment's mouth that his ministry at the UN is over? "Well, it'll be over," he shrugs, quickly adding, "But it won't ever be over. It may mean that I might not have to be in this job. But I don't even want this job. If I had to leave, I would do the same thing on the lecture circuit or writing articles"—that is, the continuing ministry of Andrew Young.

In 1967, Urban League Director Whitney Young warned black leaders that opposing the Vietnam War would alienate Lyndon Johnson and forfeit his generosity to their people. Martin Luther King angrily retorted: "Whitney, what you're saying may get you a foundation grant, but it won't get you into the kingdom of truth." Andy Young is trying to have both: to be at the UN and in the kingdom of truth, to be the outsider on the inside. It is a tribute to Jimmy Carter's capacity for transcending convention; perhaps to his political acumen, and certainly to his idealistic side, that he asked Young to take that role, to give it a try—and that, while tactically yielding just a little ground to Young's critics, in his case the President has proved to be "a man who really means it." Which is exactly what Andy Young said about Jimmy Carter during the 1976 presidential campaign. ●

"The risks of building the B-1 are greater than the risks of not building it."

"No one disagrees with the need for a strong national defense. But military experts do disagree whether the B-1 bomber is the best way to make us stronger.

Nevertheless, the Pentagon argues that we cannot afford the military risks of not building it.

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Every day, these workers see how badly the money for just one B-1 is needed here at home.

We're urging Congress not to buy what the Pentagon is selling. The price and risks of building the B-1 are too great."

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Yes, Virginia, roadsides can be clean

By Andrew Kopkind

How Vermont bottled up litter

Vermont is a laconic land where politics runs the range of passions from frosty to chill. By custom and climate, rhetoric is muted and issues are understated. "When a politician's voice climbs one degree above a monotone, people go deaf," a Brattleboro newspaper columnist joked recently. Yet one peculiar subject—the discreet disposition of empty bottles and cans—sets local tempers to flare and gets gorges to rise. Not death or taxes, but solid waste, will excite the mountain mind and stir the state to action.

Five winters have passed since the legislature endured a blizzard of controversy and began regulating what the framers hygienically termed "beverage containers." Successive acts imposed deposits on bottles and cans, prohibited flipaway tabs, mandated refillable bottles and challenged chemistry to come up with a degradable substance for the rings that bind lonely cans into six-packs. In a trice, container litter dropped 76 percent on the state's highways—by actual item count. But the excitement did not diminish apace. The "bottle law" remains a hot topic of conversation from the littlest country stores to the Capitol in Montpelier.

"There's never been such an emotional issue in Vermont that I know of," Donald Webster, the portly, deliberate (and laconic) Director of Environmental Protection, told me one sunny afternoon in his office in a old converted building on a Montpelier hillside. The fierce campaign to pass a bottle law in 1972 (it took effect a year later) influenced a gubernatorial election, produced an environmental movement and spearheaded a nationwide effort for container controls.

At length, the ferocious partisans of the legislative battle became the solid defenders of the law. Webster admits ruefully to early opposition himself; he adds quickly that he is now a true believer. Down south in Guilford, Dart Everett, a country storekeeper, was so annoyed by customers bearing bottles for return that he tacked up a testy sign: "Please don't ask me what you should do with your bottles and cans because I might tell you!" He led the

Stretch your cramping your

If you think an economy car would put you in a compromising position, look again.

With a Volkswagen you could actually wind up with more room and comfort than you have now.

Our Dasher, for example, comes in a beautifully appointed 2-door hatchback or 4-door sedan, with fully reclining bucket seats, plush carpeting, and enough room for five passengers.

In fact, the Dasher beats just about every car in its class in combined interior room and trunk space. And in a wagon, it has more cargo area than any car in its class.*

Then there's our Rabbit, which has been catching everyone by surprise. Even Detroit.

To start with, it takes off like a shot. With acceleration from 0 to 50 mph in an amazing 7.7 seconds. (That's faster than a Triumph Spitfire.) And with front-wheel drive that literally pulls you around corners.

It also has more room for

Rabbit

*Based on EPA Interior Volume Index measurement, published in the official 1977 EPA Guide 2nd Edition.

r dollars without r style.

Scirocco

people than 25 other cars you could buy (including Monza, Mustang II, Pinto, Toyota Celica, and Datsun B-210). And more room for luggage than 53 other cars. (Would you believe, with the rear seat folded down it can hold 21 bags of groceries. And with the seat folded up it still has more trunk space than a Cadillac Seville.)

Finally, we come to Scirocco, our true sports car that gives you extravagance and plain good sense at the same time.

Last year Scirocco was the Trans Am Champ for cars under 2 liters. And speaking of style, the Scirocco was just named one of the "25 best-designed factory-made products available in America today" by Fortune Magazine.**

It also gives you something few sports cars can offer: room for four and more trunk space than a Ford LTD II.

Yet (amazingly!) a Scirocco has the same fuel economy as a Rabbit.

Both Scirocco and Rabbit get 37 mpg on the highway and 24 mpg in the city. Dasher gets 36 mpg highway, 24 mpg city. (Of course, these are EPA estimates with standard transmissions. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition.)

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**Fortune, May 1977.

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Creative enterprise: Bennington's redemption center handles 2.5 million bottles a year, and pays for a special education teacher

organized grocers' attack on the law after passage. Now he admits its success and hopes to see it strengthened.

For despite some flaws in the regulations, evasions in enforcement and persistent sabotage of the provisions by the bottling industry, there is not the slightest possibility of repeal. More than maple syrup, the bottle law is a treasured state institution and a point of pride. The bad old days of litter are gone forever in Vermont.

The law works like this: all beer and soft-drink cans and bottles carry a printed or stamped notice of deposit or return. Most fetch five cents, although a few outsize bottles will get you a dime. Grocers will refund the deposit on any brand they carry; centralized redemption centers will take any container sold in the state. Distributors pay storekeepers a penny "handling charge" per five-cent container. The distributors then cart the empties away from stores and centers for refilling, recycling, or dumping—as they see fit. Unfortunately many distributors have so far avoided the first option; only about half the refillables are actually refilled.

Every Vermonter now sees what the statistics confirm—a lovely landscape free of discarded containers almost everywhere except along the borders of neighboring states with profligate "no deposit, no return" habits. What's more, local residents have extended their financial interest in containers into a general concern for litter. Highway surveys show that roadside jetsam, in addition to containers, has dropped since the bottle law began.

"We're enlisting just about every citizen as an active participant in an anti-litter campaign," a state conservation worker explained excitedly. An unpredicted behavior modification process seems to have accompanied the deposit-and-return system. "We're not just educating people's heads with little slogans and appeals to their public spirit. We're actually changing their behavior through action. We've created an anti-litter army!"

The striking paradox of bitter controversy before passage of the law and fervent support afterward suggests the key to the bottle bill's fundamental importance. It's not simply a way to spruce up the countryside, but a potentially radical way to bring serious economic and ecological issues into the political arena.

"Political heavies used to call the bottle bill 'rinky-dink,'" Vermont's original Nader-raider, Scott Skinner, remembered with a smile. As director of the Vermont Public Interest Research Group, he was pushing the bill half a generation ago. Then there was a war in Asia, flames in the ghetto and riots on the campus. Container deposits and biodegradable plastic rings seemed far from an urgent tactic of the revolution.

"But it turned out to be the touchstone issue for a new kind of politics," Skinner reflected. "It was about energy, environment, corporate power, consumerism, open government. It challenged nationwide industries, lobbyists and the local business establishment. It questioned basic assumptions of American enterprise—that waste and obsolescence are necessary for the economy, and that packaging takes precedence over content. It was all on a small scale, in one easy issue and in one rural state; but we were playing for a multibillion-dollar nationwide market. And if we couldn't win this one, with all the arguments on our side, we couldn't win *anything*."

Skinner's intuitions were sound. The victory of the Vermont law and its Oregon counterpart (which started up six months after the Vermont bill passed) spurred campaigns in 40 other states. Michigan and Maine approved bottle-law referenda last year, and in Massachusetts—where a referendum was sandwiched into a nine-layer grinder of unpopular ballot questions—voters rejected it by less than 1 percent (after the bottling industry outspent proponents 40–1 in a media blitz). Both houses of the Connecticut legislature passed a bottle bill this year, but intense lobbying and withering pressure from neighboring New York Governor Hugh Carey on behalf of the bottling industry killed the sure-thing in an adjournment-eve conference committee session.

As steam builds at different rates in different states, bills are before Congress (sponsored by Vermont Representative Jim Jeffords and Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield) for a national container-deposit law. But for the power of Atlanta monopoly capital, there might be a law already: proposals for federal action were included in early drafts of President Carter's messages on energy and the environment—and then removed from the final versions after the word was passed from the Administration's Coca-Collaborators back in Georgia.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency is going ahead with its own plan—to begin next winter—which imposes a deposit on all containers sold in federal facilities. Litter-phobic Smokey Bear types tried a pilot program in Yosemite Park last summer and were blissfully happy with the results. The more circumspect Defense Department is experimenting at 10 military bases right now, starting with Fort Knox. If Carter doesn't veto the EPA project, it could provide the crucial model for a national policy on containers.

"Bottle legislation in this country is going to come in a big rush," Vermont's Don Webster said confidently. The bottling industry—container manufacturers, brewers and soda-pop bottlers and distributors—has concentrated its efforts on stopping action in Congress

and the big states, such as Massachusetts and New York, where legislators are accessible to corporate entreaties. Jeffords' federal bill, for example, is bottled up (they say in Congress) in a House Commerce subcommittee chaired by Pennsylvania's Fred Rooney, who is known as the Congressman from Bethlehem Steel—a keystone company of the container business. But while industry's eye is on the big boys, the smaller states are punching holes in the structure of massive resistance to bottle legislation, and the walls are beginning to crumble.

"The original intent of the proposal was a litter-control measure, pure and simple," Vermont lobbyist Jim Finneran recalled a while back. Finneran slapped together a half-hearted effort to defeat the 1972 bill as well as the recent strengthening amendments dealing with tabs, rings and refillables. Now he sees that the pure and simple issue is getting out of hand.

"There's no question that the law has cleaned up litter on the roadsides," he admitted. "Anyone can see that. But now they've deviated off that purpose. They bring up all sorts of new things that have nothing to do with clean highways."

What "they" (the anti-litter forces) bring up most often nowadays is energy and economics. "No deposit, no return," turns out to be a formula for unconscionable waste of fuel and materials, and it keeps beverage prices unnecessarily high.

"The energy *wasted* in the U.S. in 1971 just on beer and soda containers exceeds the combined energy requirements of 15 countries in Africa, Asia and Central America," Thomas Kimball of the National Wildlife Federation once computed. The great waste leaps forward every year as consumption expands. One estimate by the EPA puts the annual wastage at 244 trillion BTU's—more than enough energy (in fuel equivalents) to run 2 million gas-guzzling cars 10,000 miles for a whole year, or to give residential power to a city of 10 million people for one year, or to match the output of 10 big nuclear power plants the size of the Calvert Cliff installations.

The secret of energy conservation is refillability, which is also the only way to make a bottle law economical to the consumer. Refillable bottles use far less energy to push them through a "lifetime" from creation to degradation. And even though these sturdier bottles cost more to manufacture on an individual basis, their overall cost decreases in relation to their liquid contents when it is figured over several "trips" to the bottling plant.

"Hard" environmentalists insist on refillability rather than less thrifty solutions to the bottle problem. "Soft" environmentalists—with backing from the industry—sometimes speak glowingly about recycling, a word that still conjures up images of conservation. But around environmental shops, this rule of thumb is followed: if a throwaway, no-return container uses four units of energy, a recyclable container uses three units, and a refillable one uses only one unit. "Recycling is still energy-intensive," Scott Skinner says gloomily.

The economics of bottles and cans is as arcane a discipline as mankind ever devised. The bottling industry and the bottle controllers agree on few statistics and no theory. The industry says a bottle law will increase costs and prices for the consumer and the companies; environmentalists say prices will drop and sales will stay high. The industry predicts that container controls will eliminate jobs; the other side promises there will be a net job gain.

The country storekeeper was at first so annoyed by customers bearing bottles for return that he tacked up a testy sign: "Please don't ask me what you should do with your bottles and cans, because I might tell you!"

Vermont's pro-industry lobbyist, Jim Finneran, insists, "there's no way in the world that a product that's handled twice isn't going to cost more money than the same product that's handled once." And yet studies in Vermont and Oregon show that beverage costs fall as industry starts refilling bottles. Even with fewer than five trips to the plant, a refillable bottle will "pay for itself"—and in Oregon, a bottle makes an average 20 to 24 trips to the plant.

Last year, Don Webster spot-checked prices for the same brand of beer—Carling's—in two supermarkets of the same chain across the Connecticut River from each other in Vermont and New Hampshire. A six-pack of throwaways in New Hampshire sold for $1.43; the same carton of refillables in Vermont went for $1.49. But deducting Vermont's higher tax and handling charge—14 cents per six-pack—it was clear that refillability significantly lowered prices.

"It's worth fighting for a real refillable system," Skinner maintained. "It's at the heart of the matter. It's the only way to get savings to the people. It's the one personal economic argument we've got on our side."

The bottling industry—with eager assistance from practical politicians still wary about corporate power—plans a last-ditch fight before a switch to refillables. Steve Carlson, one of Jim Jeffords' congressional aides, said the federal bill will not mention refillability although that is "the ideal." Oregon does not ban throwaways, as Vermont does, but it imposes a slightly higher minimum deposit on the no-returns to make refillables sweeter for industry. Still, Miller's beer has gone back to throwaways from returnables in order to push a marketing campaign featuring its "distinctive" clear glass bottle. Pride has obliterated price, with a boost in sales for Miller's, an Oregon state environmentalist told me worriedly.

Why do bottlers and brewers deliberately defy the logic of free-market economics and raise prices with throwaways when they could lower them with returnables? If you ask that question, you don't understand the workings of the "free" market.

Thirty years ago, the bottling industry was a notoriously slow mover. Then the "packaging revolution" swept it off its knees. According to an EPA administrator's account, the bulk quantity of beer and soft drinks consumed by Americans increased a respectable 33 percent between 1959 and 1972. But in the same period, the number of containers sold zoomed 221 percent—from 15.4 to 55.7 billion annually. And *that's* why the industry reaped spectacular profits.

"Look at it this way," environmentalist Don Webster explained. "With a throwaway system, the consumer pays the manufacturer for the can each time he buys a drink. The company then uses the consumer's cash to make new containers. And the container costs more than the contents.

"With refillable bottles, the cost of the container becomes an operating expense for the company. The company is using its own money and getting a return over a long period of time." It's like a real estate developer who builds a million houses and rents them out for 20 years rather than selling them off in one month. He will soon have a shortage of cash. Maybe he'd make more money in the long run, but he'd rather have the cash flow now than the pretty balance sheet in 20 years. "The container manu-

facturer wants cash, so he uses the consumer's money for his business. Except that, in effect, he's charging the consumer for the use of the consumer's money!" Webster concluded.

"Convenience packaging" turns out to be a convenience to industry for making a buck. In the process—as *part* of the process—the giants of the industry consolidate their power. In 1950 there were 6,600 soft-drink bottling plants. In the next 20 years, more than 3,500 went out of business. By 1980, there may be fewer than 1,500 remaining. In approximately the same period, the number of breweries plummeted from 440 to 146—and another hundred could bite the dust in the next decade, according to a *Fortune* survey. Almost a third of the industry's work force has been laid off.

Such wondrous effects of advanced capitalism are directly the result of throwaways. The system's vectors all point to monopoly. Returnable bottles required a network of local plants near the sales points to facilitate the to-ing and fro-ing of containers. Throwaways make huge regional and even national centers feasible and profitable. The small plants, unable to compete, go broke—or sell out to the few giants of the industry. Eight big brewers now control three quarters of the U.S. market, and whether they "conspire" or not, they can set the prices and the practices of the industry.

A return to refillable bottles would foster competition, encourage small business, lower prices and create jobs—as 500 new jobs have come to Vermont from its bottle law. What's more, the jobs go to low-skill workers who are in the unemployment pool.

But politicians and bureaucrats still have the devil's own time making industry serve popular economics. Even staunch Don Webster has been squeamish about demanding concessions from industry in Vermont. He has interpreted the law to mean that bottles must be *refillable*, but not necessarily *refilled*. He has the power to set standards for size, shape and strength of bottles; but so far he has only standardized the strength—that is, the capability for refilling.

Scott Skinner says Webster has made the refillability amendments meaningless. Webster is defensive and more than a bit evasive. He mutters about constitutionality and the letter of the law, but it is clear he could have set more stringent standards if he had the mind to. Maybe next year: Webster wants the legislature to make the stronger demands and take the pressure off his office.

"I looked forward to the return of the standard refillable 'bar bottle,'" storekeeper Dart Everett said wistfully, "but it didn't happen. Schlitz and Bud just stamped 'returnable' on their throwaway models. But they still throw them away. It defeats the purpose of the law."

Litter is as American as apple pie—or at least as American as disposable aluminum apple pie plates. It is the external expression of wasteful profiteering. The waste at the core of the system of enterprise is represented by the detritus on the highways. It is also enormously expensive. Environmentalist Pat Taylor once figured out that a single littered beverage container on a New York street costs 30 cents to clean up.

Cans and bottles represent only a small fraction of the total solid waste problem—although, as Scott Skinner said, "Anytime we can solve 10 percent of a national problem we're doing a good job." But containers account for almost a third of the volume of roadside litter. Most significantly, it is a fraction that is accessible to control. A single law virtually eliminated container litter and found wide public acceptance. Polls in Oregon and Vermont report that about 90 percent of the residents approve of the bottle laws, and the rate of return—more than 90 percent—is material proof of their support.

"It's worth fighting for a real refillable system," the environmentalist says. "It's the only way to get savings to the people"

Creative enterprise can make the most of the controls. In Bennington, civic leaders started a nonprofit community container redemption center, which now receives 2.5 million bottles yearly. Nine previously unemployed youths work at the center, along with a dozen volunteers. Proceeds from the empties, which are sold back to the distributors, pay for a special education teacher in the local school system. Major distributors harass the redeemers in hopes that their project will fail. Bennington's director Ralph Wright said the local man from Schlitz made redemption so difficult—by demanding that all containers be packed upright and that only certain (unavailable) cartons be used—that his center started a boycott of the brand in town and refused, for a time, to accept the empties. "We ruffled a few feathers," Wright said feistily.

In other towns, grocers have started centralized redemption stores for their own convenience and profit, and some small entrepreneurs are making a business out of exchanging empties for filled containers. Outside Montpelier on Highway 302, Duke's Dairy Creme of yesteryear has been reborn as Duke's Discount Beverage and Redemption Center. The possibilities are endless.

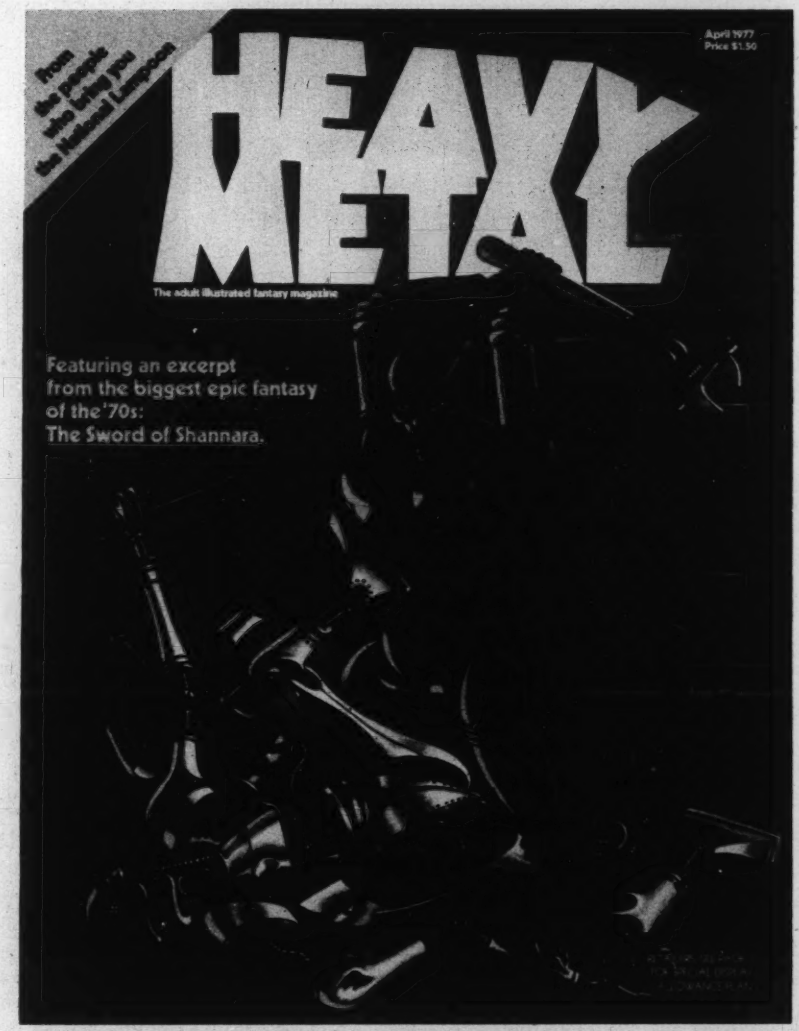
When the rinky-dink politics of container control began five years ago, industry planners believed it would take hold only in small states like Vermont and Oregon, with a history of environmental fanaticism, an independent and populist population, and little economic stake in the beverage business.

But it was a rinky-dink idea with a future in the big time. Soon enough, political activists around the country realized that a bottle law provided an extraordinary vehicle for public control of previously private economic decisions. For although the decisions were private, their effect had always been public. Litter, energy waste, inflation—even packaging practices—have serious consequences for our everyday lives. But such matters have not generally been considered material for ordinary political action, except when they are part of a public agency's operations.

Last year in Massachusetts, the bottling industry actually saw the exotic material of their executive deliberations being debated in public. Millions of people voted for or against questions that managers or directors traditionally decide in the privacy of their offices.

More than the pennies gained or lost through controls, it is the freedom to make business decisions in private that is at the heart of the industry's freak-out about the bottle bill. It took decades for other industries to learn that they had nothing to fear from governmental regulatory agencies, the utility commissions, the trade boards, the banking boards. With the careful application of gifts and promises, with attentive friendships, and with executive trades between government and industry, business found it could control the agencies set up to control it.

But business has no such confidence in its ability to make similar arrangements with popular politics. Profit is far too valuable to be debated on the hustings, or put on the ballot. And at the end, their fears might be justified. Vermont has shown that outraged citizens can control bottles and cans. Can they go for bigger game as well?●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GOOD TIME IN A MEXICAN JAIL

By Merle Linda Wolin and Susan Markham Lyne

Cheaper than Acapulco, more luxurious than Leavenworth, abounding in local color, Mexican prison life is not as bad as it's supposed to be. Sure, ten years is a little stiff for possession of a single joint, and yes, cattle prods can smart, but life inside isn't so rough. Says one inmate: "It's a country club"

Primed by the widespread horror stories of Mexican jails, a visitor approaches the massive wood and steel gates of the Jalisco State Penitentiary prepared for the worst. First impressions are not reassuring.

Located in a bustling residential neighborhood a half-hour from the center of Guadalajara, Mexico's second largest city, Jalisco resembles a medieval fortress—and not a very nice one, either. At ten-foot intervals, its high black stone walls are interrupted by looming crenellations. In front of the gates that lead inside, uniformed police armed with rifles pace back and forth.

"Senorita!" shouts one. "No woman wearing slacks may enter." Security regulations. But one can go across the street and rent a skirt for three pesos; the women there will guard your slacks. Properly attired, the visitor passes through the towering gates and enters a small plaza.

Inside, the prison looks amazingly like a town square, complete with shouting children, cooing lovers and card players. On the far side of the square, an assortment of vending carts and outdoor restaurants vie for the business of passing prisoners. Basking in the warm sun, shirtless Americans gossip together; they appear to be enjoying the day.

Are *these* the fabled torturous conditions under which U.S. prisoners in Mexico are forced to live? Preconceptions strain at the leash. One of the Americans offers the visitor a Coke.

Ever since the United States and Mexico agreed in 1971 to a coordinated crackdown on drug traffickers, which subsequently landed nearly 600 Americans in Mexican prisons, parents, legislators and journalists have attacked Mexico for what they see as its blatant disregard for the human rights of U.S. citizens. What started as an outcry against Mexican bureaucrats for their extortion, denial of legal rights and physical abuse of young American tourists has grown into a widespread campaign against the whole of Mexico. "Visit Mexico, Rot For Years" read the bumper stickers on the Hollywood Freeway.

A group in California (where some 400 of the prisoners come from) has organized an increasingly successful "Boycott Mexico" campaign to discourage business and leisure travel there. To those who insist on going anyway, they distribute an ominous "rules sheet": "Never argue with a Mexican official. You may end up dead—hopefully without being tortured. . . . If a Mexican looks like he wants a bribe, you give it to him. Then bring out another bill for the next official. . . . *All* people, guilty or innocent, go directly to jail unless bribes are paid."

To be sure, there is a case to be made against Mexican arrest procedures and interrogation methods. Accounts of beatings, forced confessions and prisoners being held incommunicado for several days have been well documented; even reports about the use of Birmingham-style cattle prods during questioning have been substantiated.

What has been sharply distorted, however, is the overall experience of most Americans serving time in Mexico. In reality, few of them would trade their Mexican jails for the comforts of prison life in the San Quentins or Leavenworths of America. The accounts of 20 American prisoners, interviewed in the five jails where most Americans are held, do much to dispel the notion that Mexican prisons are barbaric hellholes that rival the notorious prison conditions in Iran, Turkey and upstate New York.

"The prisons here are very hu-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHAS GERRETSEN/GAMMA

In the clink: The Penitenciaría del Estado de Jalisco is a foreboding fortress, a perfect setting for prison atrocities. Inside, however, life is almost easy, and well-to-do prisoners of all nationalities can avail themselves of the pleasures of home—color TV's, homey furnishings, an occasional J, even a shave and a haircut—all, of course, for a price

mane," says Dirk Van den Brink, who is serving a 10-year sentence in the Jalisco State Penitentiary for possession of marijuana; he lives in Dormitory H, the residence of 18 American prisoners.

"Benign neglect is the name of the game. You've got to remember that it's a poor country. The thing about these prisons is that they're really part of the city, only with walls around them. If you have any money at all, you're going to live pretty well."

Just so. All the American prisoners we interviewed receive a healthy allowance from home (up to $400 a month) and as a result are able to live at a far more luxurious level than the majority of their fellow prisoners. Most of the Americans are young, white, middle to upper-middle class, and college educated. More often than not, they are one-time smugglers who were looking for a little easy money, or perhaps were hoping to bring back enough cheap dope to last a semester; most were caught in the Mexico City airport carrying back cocaine or marijuana from South American vacations.

In Mexico, a prisoner's ability to pay determines the comfort of his stay, and in the older prisons, Americans live in the buildings intended for well-to-do Mexicans. Cells, as they are known in U.S. prisons, simply do not exist. Often,

the Americans' rooms are furnished with carpets, comfortable chairs, TV sets, tape recorders, toaster ovens and decorations that give them the funky if incongruous look of student rooms at Ann Arbor or Berkeley. They can afford to purchase fresh beef or chicken from special prison stores and prepare it as they please, or even "dine out" at standard Mexican prices at one of the prisoner-owned restaurants.

Daily life in the older prisons revolves around the central square, where trees and flowers, park benches, vending carts and restaurants shape the penal environment. Indeed, these prisons—where most of the *Norteamericanos* are held—physically resemble, and function like, any of a hundred small towns scattered throughout Mexico. Since most Americans have elected not to work, most of their time is spent outdoors in the square, exercising or visiting with other Americans.

"It's a Sunday school," says Barry Reid of New York. "The liberties in Mexican jails are far better [than in U.S. prisons]. I would much rather stay down here and serve my sentence; at least here you can stay in your room and smoke dope all day."

"If you have the money," says Norman Braesker of Detroit, "it's a country club in a lot of ways."

Since 1970, Mexico has spent 1.2 billion pesos ($240 million) on penal reform, a considerable sum for a nation faced with overwhelming social problems and sharply limited financial resources. Seven new prisons (of a planned forty) are modern and well-equipped, and include a variety of sports facilities and industrial training centers.

Underlying the new penal system are concepts of rehabilitation almost unheard of in the U.S. Twenty-four-hour conjugal visits are permitted as often as three times a week. Families of prisoners who have children are encouraged to visit twice a week with home-cooked food and other amenities, which help strengthen familial bonds. Prisoners whose wives work may baby-sit daily for their children within the prison walls. And some prisoners are allowed to spend weekends with their families outside.

Mexican notions of rehabilitation seem to be paying off: their recidivism rate is one of the lowest in the world (an average 6 percent), and far below the U.S. recidivism rate of 37 percent. American officials who have visited Mexican prisons have been duly im-

Jail, jail the gang's all here: Jalisco prison grounds, in many ways, resemble a small village. Prostitutes (above) make regular visits, 30 pesos per, while inmates turn a buck on their own—one sells candy and cigarettes to fellow prisoners, others run a cafe (opposite, top). Even family life isn't stunted: mothers keep their young children with them, and weddings between inmates are commonplace (bottom)

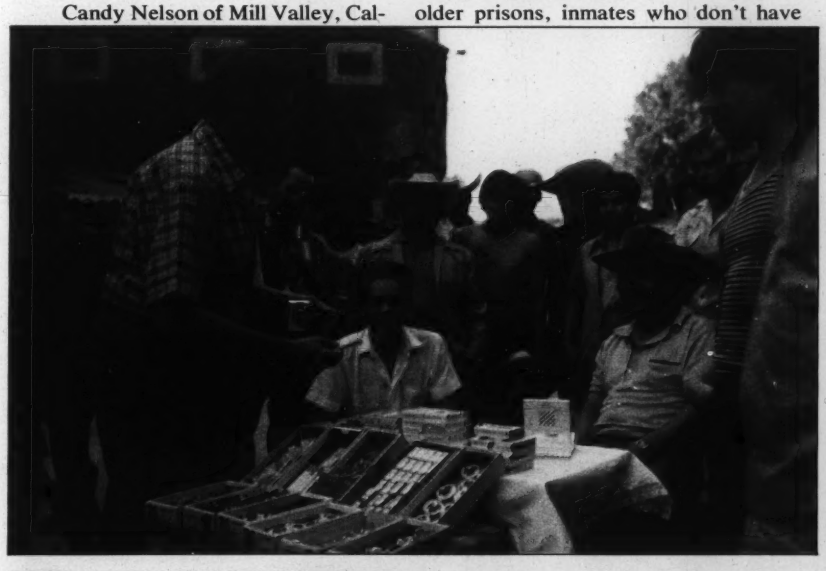
Merle Wolin, a former editor of City *magazine, is a West Coast free-lance. Susan Lyne is a* New Times *contributing editor.*

pressed. California Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally said after a recent official visit to La Paz that "the concept and condition of the prison seemed ahead of us. There's much more freedom of movement, more visiting from family members, more conjugal life."

All of the American prisoners we interviewed confirmed that the Mexican penal system does much to keep up inmates' spirits. Many mentioned the fiestas arranged by the prisons to help prisoners meet prospective lovers as an example of the way the system responds to essential human needs and concerns.

Candy Nelson of Mill Valley, California, is serving a seven-year term (for cocaine smuggling) in Ixtapalapa, the women's prison outside of Mexico City. She was arrested after a South American vacation, on her way back to California for her wedding. Now she's involved with a Chilean man she met at an inter-prison party. "At least we're being treated like human beings," she says.

Not every American prisoner, of course, is so sanguine about life in Mexican jails, but the few complaints we heard stemmed not from official abuse but from the indignities of being exposed to impoverished living conditions. In the older prisons, inmates who don't have



the money to rent living space, or to "dine out," must resort to sleeping in the hallways, and must depend on the standard fare from the prison kitchen—a diet of *frijoles, arroz, tortillas,* and occasionally beef, pork or chicken; it is not the cuisine that most Americans would choose, but it has sustained Mexicans for centuries.

Tired of incessant reports that their American prisoners were being badly treated, two years ago the Mexican government proposed a prisoner exchange treaty with the U.S. Although the treaty was signed last Thanksgiving Day by the American ambassador to Mexico, the treaty has not yet been—and may never be—ratified by Congress. David Fishlow, the northern California director of the ACLU, among others, insists that it is blatantly unconstitutional: "Mexican courts just do not have the authority to imprison people in the U.S.," and any American sent back to the States could be immediately released on a simple writ of Habeas Corpus petition.

One provision of the exchange treaty is that transfers must be completely voluntary—no one could be returned to his or her homeland without his or her consent. It appears that even if the treaty is eventually ratified, therefore, few of the American *narcotraficantes* in Mexican jails would avail themselves of the opportunity to be transferred to U.S. prisons. "I wouldn't want be in jail in America," says Candy Nelson. "You're not a human being there." Even Jay Turner, who was convicted of smuggling one kilo of cocaine and who bitterly attacks his experience with Mexican justice, writes home that his tennis game has been steadily improving since he began his term at Mexico City's Oriente Prison.●

When Alex Haley returned to the dusty backroads of his Tennessee boyhood, his long-ago fellow townsmen wondered, and worried, if his visit would transform their community into another Plains. The "biggest day Henning ever had" was celebrated with speeches and *Roots* key rings—but at day's end, Haley's famous forebears still rested in the seedy, blacks-only section of the town cemetery

HOMECOMING

By John Egerton

One of the greatest things to happen to me was to grow up in a small town in the South . . . We grew up close, we knew each other as human beings. We could hate, even fight, but we were in touch . . .
—Alex Haley, April 1977
Speech to Tennessee General Assembly

Three elderly gentlemen—two whites and a black—are sitting in the dappled shade of the courthouse square in Ripley, Tennessee, on a mid-May afternoon.

"I hear tell there's gonna be 10,000 people over there next week."

"In Henning? Where they gonna stand? It ain't as big as my shirttail."

"They're comin' for the colored fella. Seen him on TV."

"You goin'?"

"Naw, not me. But I think it's nice, real nice. I think people feels pretty good about it. I don't see no hate showin'. Wasn't always so. No sir."

The American roots of Alex Palmer Haley are sunk deep in the fertile soil of a quiet farming community 48 miles northeast of Memphis. Henning is his hometown—not his birthplace, but his growing-up place—and four generations on his mother's side of the family are represented in the town cemetery. Haley hasn't lived here in almost 40 years, and he has no close relatives left in the town, but the spectacular success of *Roots* and the author's frequent references to his Tennessee childhood have led the people of Henning and surrounding Lauderdale County—the blacks quickly, the whites gradually—to show pride and a certain possessiveness in their long-ago fellow townsman.

Haley may be the nearest thing Tennessee has had to a national hero since Sergeant Alvin York returned from World War I. When he addressed the state legislature in April, he was introduced by Governor Ray Blanton as "the author of the social statement of the century." He has been honored with a National Book Award and a Pulitzer Prize. The impact of his work has been compared to Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Hardcover sales of *Roots* have long since zoomed past the million mark and continue to climb. The television adaptation of the book drew the largest viewing audience in history, and 80 million people—almost 40 percent of the nation's population—watched the final episode.

The instant-superstar status thus attached to Haley has not gone unnoticed by people of Henning. Not many of them remember him, but those who do are quick to point out that not only he but his parents, his grandparents, his great-grandfather Tom Murray and his great-great-grandfather Chicken George Lea (the latter two given posthumous immortality by the power of television) lived in the community. From a distance, Henning has basked in the reflected light of Haley's glory; now the townspeople are preparing to honor him themselves. "It's gonna be the biggest day this town has ever had," predicts Fred Montgomery Jr., local chairman of the "Welcome Home Alex Haley Committee," a boyhood friend of the author and the only black member of Henning's Board of Aldermen.

Two-hundred-and-ten years after Kunta Kinte, Haley's African ancestor, left the Gambian village of Juffure in chains, and 105 years after Chicken George led a wagon train of black families out of North Carolina to Henning, the author of *Roots* is about to lead an entourage of dignitaries and a crowd of God-knows-how-many back to his Tennessee connection, to the place he proudly and repeatedly refers to as "my home." Henning, like Haley—like Juffure, like Plains, Georgia—is about to receive an unaccustomed jolt of public exposure. How long it will last, and what effect it will have, no one can say. For the moment, though, the town has about it a tranquil look of timelessness, of casually preserved antiquity, like a thousand dusty villages on the rural backroads of the American South; like them, it is a place at once transformed and untouched by the 20th century. Without knowing exactly what to expect, the people of Henning await the coming event, wondering, hoping, fearing, doubting if the place will ever be the same again.

Under the watchful eyes of armed guards, a crew of inmate laborers from a nearby state prison farm are cutting and burning 15 years of undergrowth from the black section of Bethlehem Cemetery. Bethlehem dates back to 1862, to the Civil War period prior to Henning's founding and the arrival

ILLUSTRATION BY OVERTON LOYD

of Chicken George's wagon train. Approached from the highway, the cemetery displays a broad expanse of manicured green under leafy oaks, walnuts and cedars. At the crest of a knoll running the length of the burial ground, a rusty barbed-wire fence marks the dividing line between the white and black deceased of Henning.

The prisoners are working on the back side, cutting to the bare earth, uncovering simple stone markers long hidden from the light. Fred Montgomery walks among the graves, identifying those connected with "Palmer" Haley ("We always called him Palmer, his middle name—nobody knew him as Alex").

"Palmer's mother, Bertha Palmer Haley. Died in 1931, at the age of 35. His daddy is buried in Arkansas . . . His grandfather, Will Palmer. Died in 1926. His Grandma Cynthia is here too, but there's no stone for her. I doubt if they could afford one when she died in 1948. Here's his great-grandparents, Tom and Irene Murray. Tom was a blacksmith, and Cynthia was their baby girl. They were all in the wagon train with Chicken George."

The Palmers and Murrays are together in a plot next to the barbed-wire fence. Nearest the fence is a bare space, an unmarked grave. "Best we can tell," Montgomery says, "this is where Chicken George is buried."

A few paces away, one of the inmates has unearthed another stone. It bears the name of George W. Palmer, born 1850, died 1915. "Must be Will Palmer's daddy," Montgomery concludes. "Didn't know he was in here. Everywhere you dig, you find a grave. This place is full of forgotten people."

The televised version of *Roots* concluded with the arrival of Chicken George and his followers in Henning. Filmed somewhere in the bare brown hills of California, the scene bore no resemblance to the real Henning, which is situated on low, rolling terrain near the edge of the saucer-flat delta of the Mississippi River. In his book, Haley deals directly if briefly with the Tennessee phase of his family's odyssey, and in his subsequent public appearances he has often expressed a mellow remembrance of his own boyhood days. In his grandmother's house in Henning, he told the state legislature, he was blessed with the benefits of a small-town Southern upbringing, where "you learn more about faith, about the work ethic, about the so-called old-fashioned things—and in the final analysis, they're the things that count." ("Palmer," recalls Fred Montgomery, "was a serious boy, a reader, a dreamer.")

Henning still exhibits some of the old virtues—and, in more muted tones, the old vices—of its past. In the beginning, it was a railroad town, founded in 1873—the year Haley's ancestors arrived—by D. M. Henning, the man whose name it bears. It was also a cotton town, surrounded by endless summer fields of snow-white fiber, and very nearly a river town, being just 16 miles east of the Mississippi. It counted a population of 400 in 1885, and the supposition is that between a fourth and a half of the residents were black.

Passenger trains haven't stopped regularly in Henning in more than 25 years. The present population of about 500 whites and 100 blacks is changed from the population of a century ago only in the sense that it is older. ("We have become," says one senior resident, "a town full of widows and old maids.") Although timber and farming remain the principal sources of personal employment and income, the methods of production have changed: mechanized corporate farmers have replaced sharecroppers and small-acreage family farmers; $55,000 four-wheel-drive, air-conditioned tractors have replaced mules and plows in the field; soybeans have replaced cotton as the top crop. Race relations have changed too, but an unspoken attitudinal separation still exists between blacks and whites.

"Alex seems to be saying that every white man was a sonofabitch and every colored man a perfect gentleman"

In his many public reminiscences about life in Henning, Alex Haley has seldom alluded to segregation, perhaps because his family struggled so hard—and for the most part, successfully—to prevail against it. They were craftsmen, businessmen, farmers, teachers—middle-class citizens—and they were respected members of the community. Still, segregation and discrimination were inescapable realities in the schools and stores and churches of Henning, as they were all over the South, and Haley, when questioned, readily acknowledges that.

Henning and the rest of Lauderdale County didn't experience the more abrasive confrontations of the civil rights movement, as nearby Haywood and Fayette counties did, or as Memphis did. "We got by," a white school official in Ripley says. "Our county has handled desegregation as well as or better than any other in this area. But there's really not much desegregation outside the schools even now. The schools are required to be the conscience of the community, to do what the adult population won't do. Prejudice has diminished somewhat—but I'd say the adult white community as a whole is still segregationist at heart."

At the public library, a block from the courthouse square in Ripley, librarian Jennie Forsberg says there is a waiting list for the three copies of *Roots* in the collection. "People who are interested in genealogy are tremendously complimentary of the book," she says. "They say it's a great thing Haley has done, and I agree. The book and the TV series have let the black people know they have a heritage. It's a beautiful thing for them—not only around here, but everywhere."

Mrs. Forsberg is interested in genealogy herself. In the 1880 census, which she has on microfilm, she searches through the Third Civil District of Lauderdale County for George W. Palmer, hoping to establish that he was in fact the father of Will Palmer. She doesn't find him—but she finds Thomas Murray, blacksmith, 47, born in North Carolina, and his wife Renie (Irene), and four of their children, including Cynthia, age 9. And in the household of William P. Posey, white, she finds listed a black woman named Kizzie Morris, 34, a domestic servant—a sister of Tom Murray and a namesake of the first Kizzy, who was the only child of Kunta Kinte and his wife Bell.

There is one more name listed in William P. Posey's household: George Lea, 74, black, a servant, born in North Carolina—and the Tennessee patriarch of Alex Haley's family.

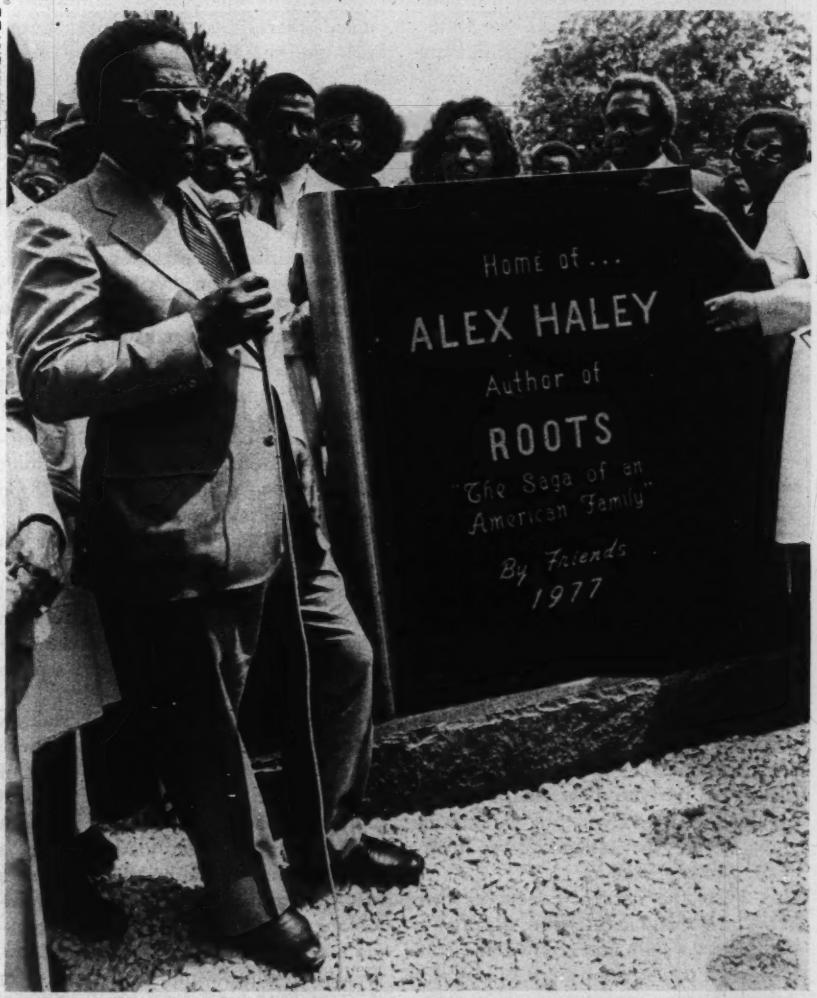
"Chicken George!" Mrs. Forsberg exclaims. "There's the proof!"

Minna Crutcher, the widow of Major John Flowers Crutcher, lives in a rambling, white-frame, green-shuttered house on the east side of Henning. Now 78 years old, she is "a Mississippi girl who came up in the good old days." Her husband has been dead for 25 years. She keeps herself "busy and happy with hobbies, sunshine jobs, rainy-day jobs"—

John Egerton is a free-lance writer from Nashville. His next book, Visions of Utopia, *will be published this summer.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN EGERTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED GRIFFITH/COMMERCIAL APPEAL



Roots Redux: Haley, a prophet in his own time and town, is honored in paint and stone. But will the fence between Henning's black and white cemeteries be torn down? Haley has no reason to think so

and Granny's Antiques, a business she operates out of what used to be a turkey house in the side yard of her home.

The cool, high-ceilinged interior of her residence is an antique museum, a wondrous menagerie of mahogany and walnut, bone china and cranberry glass, crystal and sterling. Her four-poster bed once belonged to General Beauregard—who ordered the firing of the first shot of the Civil War at Fort Sumter. She also owns a walnut pump organ which she bought from "Cis" Palmer—Alex Haley's Grandma Cynthia.

"This little town used to be such a lively place," Granny Crutcher says. "I remember when the train used to stop here, and there would be a band there to meet it. But the town has been dying on the vine for a long time. Maybe this Haley thing will revive it—it's real good to have a little spark."

Even so, she is not altogether pleased with the prospect. "The town as a whole doesn't want to be upset," she says. "We're a happy people. We don't know what this thing's gonna do to Henning. I start worrying about having another Plains. There's really nothing to see here. I hope after next week things will settle down again."

About *Roots*, Mrs. Crutcher is also somewhat ambivalent: "I watched it on TV, and I thought the acting was superb, but I don't think it was entirely true. I'm no historian, and I wasn't there, and I haven't read the book, so I won't express an opinion. But I will say this: I know slaves were mistreated by landowners, but Alex seems to be saying that every white man was a sonofabitch and every colored man was a perfect gentleman, and that's just not so."

The relationship between whites and blacks in Henning, she says, is good: "I couldn't get along without the colored people. They're my neighbors—I help them, and they help me. Fred Montgomery, my plumber, lives right behind me. He's the number one colored man in this town—black man, I believe he wants to be called. He's a very intelligent person, and very diplomatic—he says the right thing at the right time. But the colored people and the white people here are like redbirds—we don't fraternize."

Virginia Alston Tuholski was born in Henning in 1900. She met her husband-to-be on a trip to Europe in 1923, and they lived in New Jersey until he retired from teaching in 1952. Widowed now, she has lived for the past 25 years in a comfortable frame house two blocks from Henning's Main Street.

"I grew up in a house that was

right in front of where Bertha Palmer lived as a child," she recalls. "She was about four years older than me, but we played together a lot. She was still a young woman when she died—she had TB. I didn't know Alex very well—I was gone during most of the years he was here—but his grandmother, Cis Palmer, Bertha's mother, was a very fine person. When I came back here to visit in the late 1940s, she came to see me. It must have been just before she died."

Mrs. Tuholski says she didn't read *Roots* or watch much of it on television. "To me it was so terrible when they captured the Ancestor in Africa," she says. "And that trip over on the ship—I just couldn't stand to read it or watch it. It was horrible—and it was true. I read somewhere that 9 million slaves perished on those ships. They were worse than cattle ships. For some, it was terrible after they reached this country, too. Not all of the slaveowners were Simon Legrees, though. My great-grandfather owned a slave, but before the Civil War he realized that slavery was wicked, wrong, sinful, and he freed that Negro man, who continued to live with him and make a crop with him. Some people say Alex didn't really paint a fair and true picture of white slaveowners, that he should have said something about those who were kind."

Haley's success with *Roots* and his approaching visit to Henning, Mrs. Tuholski says, have caused some to fear that the town will be flooded with people, "and maybe not all the right kind of people." Are the townsfolk proud of him? She pauses for a moment, and then replies: "I would say the Negro people are very proud of him. The white people are also pleased and proud, in a way—but to them, he's still a Negro. Some people have said to me it's all a hoax. I tell them I don't believe that. I think what he's done is great, and I'm proud of him. I know what a struggle it was for him to write the book. He's been discriminated against, subjected to slights and insults. I'm glad he's so successful now. I hope his book and his visit here will do a lot of good."

Just before closing time, Fred Montgomery pauses in his plumbing supply shop on Main Street to go over the homecoming plans once again; near the front window, his wife Earnestine is busy making decorations on her sewing machine. Outside, on a large expanse of the brick building's side wall, Fred's brother Eddie is putting the finishing touches on a large sign of welcome to Alex Haley—complete with the artist's rendering of a fighting cock, in honor of Chicken George. How many people does Fred Montgomery expect will attend the day's festivities? "They're saying 10,000, but I can't hardly dream of that many," Montgomery says. "I don't want to guess how many. But we'll be ready. We've had great support from the white race and the black race. Everybody in town is painting up, fixing up. The churches will have booths. There'll be souvenirs—bumper stickers, key rings, pens. Most everybody is making some move to capitalize on this, and I can understand it. This has been considered a dead town for years, but recently we've seemed to have more enthusiasm. Next Thursday is gonna be a great day for Henning."

Montgomery pauses to choose his words. "I think, all over, *Roots* has been a happening that's done something for all races," he says finally. "All of the people in America, except maybe the Indians, came here from across that water. This story started everybody to thinking where they came from. Every American's ancestors made that trip. When you think of it, that's really something. That's why this is such a big thing."

"The people who celebrate you will kill you," says Haley

> *Writers are like sharecroppers. . . .We writers work to produce the crop, deliver it to someone else, and they give us what they decide is right. They run the land, they own the cotton gin and the company store.*
>
> —*Alex Haley*

Alex Haley would know about sharecropping; it was the standard arrangement on the land around Henning when he was a youngster growing up here in the 1920s and '30s. Now it is as if the sharecropper, the supplicant, had bought out the cotton gin and the company store. After 12 years of unremitting stoop labor, the bumper crop finally came, and kept coming.

But the harvest exacts its own heavy price, and in this case, the price is fame. It is wealth and renown and honor—and it is also publishers, movie producers, agents, attorneys, accountants, politicians. With the satisfaction of an arresting achievement has come name and face recognition—and a loss of privacy, of control. As surely as he has been attacked by some who, for their own reasons, do not like his work, Haley has been smothered by others who do, and especially by those who covet a share of the *Roots* harvest.

"You'll find that the people who celebrate you will kill you," the weary author said during his recent return trip to Juffure. "They forget you are blood and flesh and bone. I have had days and weeks and months of schedules where everything from my breakfast to my last waking moment was planned for me. . . . Someone has you by the arm and is moving you from room to room. Then people *grab* at you! You're actually pummeled—hit with books—and you ask yourself, 'My God, what *is* this?' "

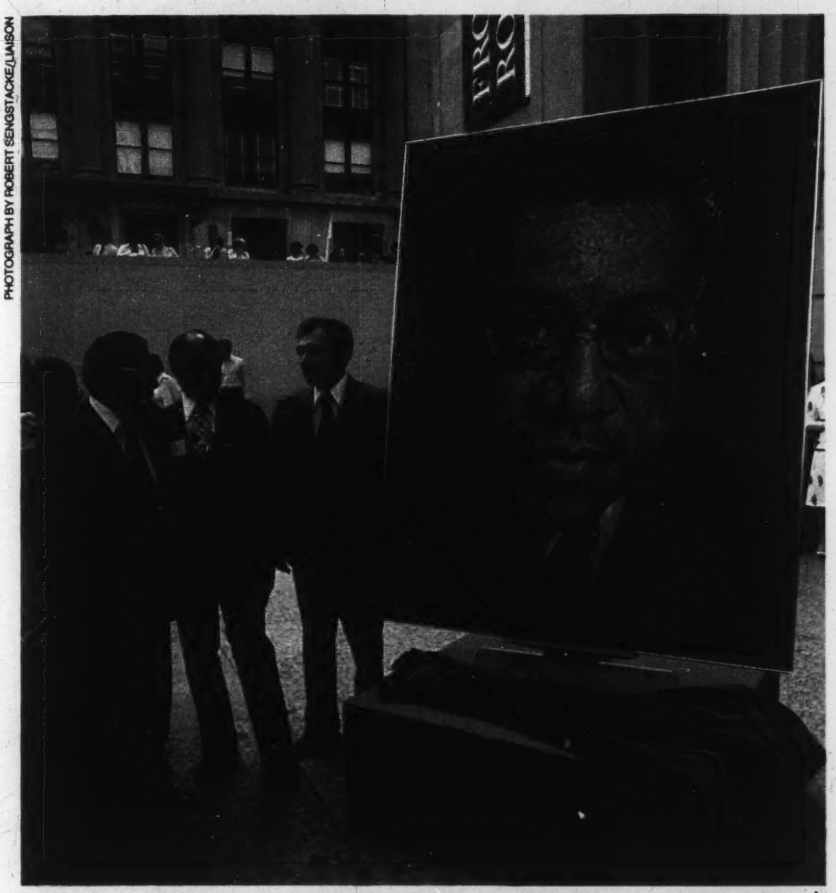
It was well past midnight when he arrived in Memphis. Now, Thursday, May 19, barely six hours later, people are stirring in the slanted shadows of early morning on Main Street. Church women and others are setting up their stands. State and military policemen are everywhere, calling to one another on walkie-talkies. In Memphis, Haley should be finishing breakfast by now; he's due here at 9 a.m.

In a shady corner of the New Hope Colored Methodist Episcopal Church parking lot, Ionie Geater, the mother of Fred Montgomery, responds softly to a question. "A big day, yes," she says. "To my knowing, the biggest day Henning has ever had." She is 82 years old, a slight woman with clear, probing eyes. "Looks like this might pull Henning out. It was kinda going down. Maybe this'll make a difference. It's kinda hard to tell yet, though. You don't just get up to a bank and jump off too quick. Better take your time."

Mrs. Geater remembers when she couldn't vote in Henning, "years back." Of the community now, she says this: "It's better than it used to be, better than when I picked cotton for 40 cents a hundred. Yes, it's better—but there's room for more improvement."

At the former home of Haley's grandparents, a 10-room frame house where Haley first heard the story of Kunta Kinte and those who followed him, microphones are being set up on a platform in the front yard. Nearby, a marker commemorating the house as a historic site has been installed. Official-looking people are rushing about, making last-minute preparations. Overhead, the whup-whup-whup of a helicopter sends throbbing vibrations down through the trees. Drumbeats and brass echo up from the direction of Main Street. The parade has begun.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT SENGSTACKE/JAMISON



Face to Face: To help Tennessee discover its own roots, Governor Blanton (right) dedicated a new black wing of the state museum with this portrait of Haley

A Girl Scout troop leads the way, followed by the Ripley High School marching band, and after it, there is Haley, waving from a white Lincoln. At the intersection of Main and McFarlin streets, he steps out, shaking hands with the waiting dignitaries. The crowd and the rest of the procession follow them toward the Palmer house. Haley is wearing a tan suit and a stunned smile. People are thrusting copies of *Roots* into his hands; he struggles to sign them as he walks.

On the platform, there is some confusion; the microphones don't work very well. The crowd is drawn in close, buzzing, waiting. It is not 10,000 people, not even 5,000, but it is nonetheless a large throng, curiously out of place in this usually empty street. Maybe 2,000—and that would be more than three times the town's population. The mix of whites and blacks appears to be about even.

The bishop of the CME Church prays. There are brief remarks by Fred Montgomery and Teddy Withers, a black member of the legislature. Congressman Ed Jones, home from Washington for the occasion, says Haley's book "not only brought credit to him, but enriched us all." Governor Ray Blanton says Haley "roamed the world to find his way home," and opened "a new era of mutual understanding and respect."

Now it is Haley's turn to speak. His manner is gentle, even self-effacing. "What I say is coming from my heart," he begins, and what he says are words of thanks to the assembled crowd, gratitude for his forebears, and praise for Henning and the South. "The South is on its way to being reborn," he declares. "As a son of the South, I like to think this occasion symbolizes that new beginning."

After he is presented with a "key to the city" by Henning's mayor, B. G. Graves, Haley and the platform guests move on to the church, which was founded a century ago by Haley's forebears. More people are waiting there. At a brief press conference inside, before the unveiling of an African granite monument honoring him, Haley appears calm, almost serene—and tired. Comparing his journey to Juffure with his return here, he says this experience is "much more sheerly emotional, because I *know* here."

Does he feel that what has happened to him was somehow predestined? "When I look back over the whole of my life," he replies, "it seems to me that I was in fact being prepared, one way or another, to meet the challenges of *Roots* when they came later down the line. I can see no explanation for it, other than that it was meant to be."

Does Haley think the barbed-wire fence separating the graves of whites and blacks at Bethlehem Cemetery will be removed? "It may or may not be," he says. "I don't think there would be an ounce of reaction one way or the other. That was a tradition that went way back, decades back, and I honestly don't think that tradition still exists anymore. The best proof I have of that is what's happening here today."

The unveiling of the monument in front of the church follows, and then there is a luncheon for invited guests back inside the building. Things have moved swiftly, and on schedule. The crowd disperses and mills about in the shady streets and downtown stores, as if awaiting the next event. And then, as suddenly as he appeared in the town at the stroke of nine, Alex Haley is whisked away after lunch, accompanied by the politicians, the planners and the press. There will be an afternoon ceremony in Memphis, followed by a flight to Knoxville for more activities tonight, and then another flight to Nashville for breakfast with the chamber of commerce at 7:30 in the morning.

Haley said it: every waking moment is planned, and the people who celebrate you will kill you. His long-awaited Henning homecoming has lasted four hours.

Not many of the townspeople got a chance to speak to Haley. But they saw him pass, they waved, they watched and listened and applauded, and they drew from the occasion a variety of impressions.

Kenya De Souza, a black woman and professional singer from Louisville whose parents grew up in Lauderdale County, described the day as "a beautiful experience. It's not a black thing, it's a people thing—and I think it'll last from now on."

Brenda Hansbrough and Thelma Boyd, watching from in front of the dry cleaning shop on Main Street, agreed that "the publicity has already done us a lot of good, whether or not it lingers," because the prospect of it prompted a lot of painting and renovation in the town.

Edith Lunn, a white schoolteacher who has lived all her life in Henning,

Continued on page 65

'All in his family'

By Gerry Nadel

"I don't want to deal with TV's same old drivel," says Norman Lear. Starting with *Mary Hartman*, Lear realized he could paint a mural of American life his own way. Today, increasingly free of network control, he and his team are tripping the light fantastic. In the process, Lear is becoming the closest thing yet to TV's first true *auteur*

Norman Lear stands at the side of the sound stage, cameramen, prop men, stagehands surging all around him. He has just warmed up the audience for *Fernwood 2-Night*.

It's almost a superstition, he says, like always wearing the same pair of socks when he flew his 50 missions during World War II: he always does the warm-up, gets the audience energized, at the first performance of each of his new shows. He's been doing it almost since he started—selling gags to Danny Thomas, writing the *Colgate Comedy Hour* for Martin & Lewis, writing the Martha Raye show, George Gobel's show, long before he had a show of his own. Now he's kicking off *Fernwood 2-Night*.

Fernwood 2-Night is a talk show—in the same sense that *Mary Hartman* was a soap opera. Martin Mull plays Barth Gimble, your genial host, twin brother of the late Garth Gimble who, fans of *Mary Hartman* will remember, was offed some months back by a Christmas tree. Barth's guests tonight include Howard Palmer, "the iron-lung pianist" (he does it with mirrors); Fernwood's first representative of the Hebrew persuasion, caught running a stop sign passing through town and brought to the studio for a "Dial-A-Jew" phone-in session; a Roman Catholic priest and his parents who want their son taken away from the sect, which has "turned him into some kind of a zombie, kneeling down all the time, talking in a foreign

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON
NELSON

tongue, mumbling to himself," and returned to them for deprogramming; and Dr. Robert Osgood, who has just completed a study of the health-hazard potential of polyester fibers and discovered that "in laymen's terms, leisure suits cause cancer": the study was done, he says, with two groups of laboratory rats—the main group, dressed for one year in tiny leisure suits, and the control group, which "wore nothing but sports jackets for the same period of time."

The studio audience loves it, and people are coming up to Lear to congratulate him, to tell him the show has the look of yet another hit. But he doesn't seem to hear them. There's a blank, far-off look in his eyes. He's concentrating. "We gotta fix that bit with the priest," he says to no one in particular. "It's unbalanced. The priest looks too foolish." He goes off, looking for the program's head writer.

Fernwood 2-Night is a summer replacement, a Monday-through-Friday "strip" debuting July 4, the Monday after *Mary Hartman* concludes. But the show it's replacing is not coming back. *Mary Hartman* is finished. Next season, Lear will present *Fernwood USA*, a sort of *Mary Hartman* without Mary Hartman, the continuing saga of the Fernwood characters, with some new ones added—but without Louise Lasser.

"Her talent is extremely precious," Lear says, "and it was spread out over two years, five nights a week. To go on further would be to dissipate that precious talent." Put less elliptically, what that means is she's spacey as hell—to the extent that when they taped the first season's climactic nervous breakdown scene, they had to clear the set for fear, perhaps only somewhat exaggerated, that something might distract her, she'd blow, and in the mood she had worked herself into, she might never come down again. A second season of five shows a week did not improve her psyche.

Lear could have spun off a Charlie and Loretta Haggers show, a prime-time spot for the Fernwood housewife with dreams of Country-Western stardom and her bald "Baby Boy" husband. "As a matter of fact," Lear reports, "a network came to me and offered to put Mary Kay Place and Graham Jarvis in their own television show, a half-hour-a-week television show. But when I mentioned it to Mary Kay Place, she said, 'Are you kidding, Norman? After this experience, I would *never* sink to prime time.'"

Mary Hartman itself might have been a network show. Lear offered it to the nets two years ago. They were afraid of it. "Too off-beat," Lear says. "And I intended to make it as a comedy without an audience and without a laugh track." The networks have always been nervous about Norman Lear shows. They test badly, and network executives *believe* in their tests. Lear gets his shows on the air only because his track record outweighs the tests. But not enough to get *Mary Hartman* on a network. "Three networks told us to get out of their lives," he says.

So Lear started his own network. Sort of. He sold *Mary Hartman* himself to most of the 128 stations that ended up carrying it. He proved, for the first time ever, that you could produce a national hit outside the three-network system. In the two years since he has been working more and more outside of that system. There's *Fernwood 2-Night* set for this summer, *Fernwood USA* for the fall. A *Little Rascals* remake, a series for kids, is on the way. There are plans for *Great Debates* counterposing world figures and, somewhere in the future, plans for nothing less than three-and-a-half hours of Saturday night programming weekly for a permanent line-up of stations with, perhaps, MTM Productions (*Rhoda, Phyllis*) and Lorimar (*The Waltons*) helping him fill up the time.

"After this experience," said one actress on *Mary Hartman*, "I would never sink to prime time"

But right now, there is *All That Glitters*. It's in trouble. It's more than half-way through a 13-week run. Renewal by the 43 stations carrying it depends on the ratings, and so far the ratings have been rotten. In New York and L.A., the only two cities for which Lear has any hard figures, there was a drop from a 20 percent share of the audience the week the show debuted in April, to the 10 percent range the next week. People tuned in for the first several shows, then tuned out. At least that's what the ratings say.

It isn't surprising. The show is unquestionably the weirdest that Lear has ever produced—although it didn't start out that way. He got the idea on a visit to Washington. "I had visited the Institute of Policy Studies, and I just loved the whole thing. And I thought there was a series in it—a five-times-a-week series. I went to bed thinking about that, and I woke up the next morning thinking what would happen if the male-female equation were changed? What would happen if the women had all the power and all the advantage, and the men had what the women normally would have?"

That's the *All That Glitters* premise, its "hook," as Lear would put it: a world where the sex roles are reversed, where they have *always* been reversed, ever since God created Eve in Her own image and fashioned Adam out of a spare rib. It's a world where the women go to work, head up super-conglomerates like "Globatron," and the men stay at home, minding the house—like Bert, who complains that Christina, his wife, never comes home for dinner anymore, and then finds out she's playing around after hours with Dan, the sexy, young secretary.

Christina is not the only Globatron executive with a roving eye. Peg gets her guilty, aberrant kicks cruising bars, looking for men to act out her sado-maso fantasies of male domination.

It's all played totally straight. The women come on anything but macho: they are beautiful and sinuous. They just *do* things that we're used to seeing men do. The men, for their part, don't camp it up. They aren't effeminate. They just seem to act more open and vulnerable, softer, more . . . accepting. *All That Glitters* isn't a satire of mannerisms but of attitudes. It's a show that leans hard on nuance—sometimes only a gesture, like the way Christina hugs Dan to her and puts her hand down his shirt. You have to watch closely, not so much for what the show says, but for the *way* that it's said. Which is a lot to expect from the general run of TV viewers. They didn't take the hook.

There has, in fact, been a misreading of the show. Feminists call it a misogynist vision of what the world would be like with women in charge—when, in truth, it's a picture of what the world is like *now*, the roles that we play, the attitudes we've been sold.

"What we're saying is, no matter which role one plays, it isn't gravy," explains writer-actor Harry Cauley. "Either side of the fence, it ain't easy." Cauley is in Norman's office, seated, just a trifle stiffly, at the long, oval conference table across from his boss. Tall, with graying hair, wearing the Hollywood-standard aviator glasses, a lavender sweater, white jeans and a pinky ring, he's come to see Lear for a story conference.

Lear switches on the recording equipment (he's got the office wired). "Talking about *All That Glitters*," he dictates. That's Harry's cue.

"What we're arriving at, at the end of the week," Harry begins, "we're arriving at the wedding. Marsha's wedding."

"Yeah." Lear is nodding. "I've been thinking about the wedding."

"It can be a splash." Harry leans forward. "Do a traditional wedding in reverse. He's gonna wear a white tux and carry flowers and throw the flowers out to the guys. It's a wonderful splash. It could be. . . ."

"Sounds good," Lear interrupts.

"Yeah, a wedding in reverse." Harry pauses a moment. "But the big decision today is, do we introduce that new character, the token guy on the Globatron board?"

Lear thinks about it. "The only reason for bringing him in is if we can do something with him right away."

"Right."

"The minute he comes in," Lear emphasizes. "We set up that they've picked a guy they think is gonna be easy, an easy token male. He's not gonna be any problem. And then we see him walk in and immediately seem like trouble."

Cauley picks up the idea. "I could do a scene where L.W. tells the other board members that she's chosen this guy from the Duluth plant and he *cannot* cause any trouble, he's totally ineffectual. And then we see the guy come in and he looks like a guy who couldn't possibly cause any trouble, but you damn well know he will. He's a thinker. He's aware. But, I was wondering. . . ."

"If the guy does something as simple as turn to Dan and say, 'I don't like tight sweaters on secretaries,'" Lear suggests.

"Yeah."

"Maybe even say he doesn't want the secretaries to serve the coffee—everyone will get their own. You know, just that hint of trouble."

Cauley likes it. "He only has to say, 'Don't serve it. I'll get my own.'"

"Uh huh." Lear is smiling. "'I'll get my own.'"

In the best of times, our days are numbered anyway, and so it would be a crime against nature for any generation to take the world crisis so solemnly that it put off enjoying those things for which we were presumably designed in the first place. . . . I mean the opportunity to do good work, to fall in love, to enjoy friends, to sit under a tree, to hit a ball and bounce a baby.

—Alistair Cooke
(Framed quotation on Norman Lear's office wall)

Fernwood Avenue runs behind Metromedia Square, where Norman Lear's T.A.T. Communications Co. has its offices and studios. It's a tree-lined street, the border between the residential and commercial zones—and, yes, that's where Lear got the name for Mary Hartman's town. There's something about Lear that makes you want to search for origins like that, to look for his sources. He gives you something to chew on, something that makes you want to figure out where he's coming from. There's a consistency to his shows, themes that run through them all: *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, Good Times, The Jeffersons, Maude, All's Fair, All That Glitters, All In The Family, One Day At A Time.* There's a unity of style and of content. You sense something even of a design. It's as if Lear wanted to use television—*television*!—to make a personal statement. And maybe he does. Lear may be the closest thing yet to the first, true TV *auteur*.

Lear doesn't actually write his nine shows. He doesn't have to. The *auteur* in television is like the Great Clockwinder theory of God. He dreams up an idea, creates a concept, sketches it out, then lets others fill it in: producers, directors, story editors, staff writers—a creative extended family that keeps the concept going in the direction he wants it to go. Sometimes an idea is his, sometimes it's theirs, but it is always Lear who has the final say on what goes into his shows. It's not as if he has some kind of giant lazy susan with nine typewriters set up on it, and he rotates from one to another, one for each show. He goes from one set of *writers* to the next set, keeping his eye on them, reading their scripts, making suggestions, supervising, directing, keeping the idea alive. Lear isn't a writer. He's an editor—like an editor with nine magazines.

That's a lot of balls to keep in the air . . . *on* the air . . . but Lear is too busy to notice. Like today—he's on the phone with his New York press agent, Kathie Berlin, still looking for ways to save *All That Glitters*. She's pushing the idea of a New York media screening, something to stir up excitement.

"Listen, Norman, you remember the first day we talked about this?" Her voice grates over the speaker phone on top of Norman's desk—a big, blondwood slab set on two chromium pedestals. "You said, 'I don't hear that talking on the streets. I don't hear that bustling.'"

"Yeah," Lear calls back to the speaker box. He is standing in the corner where the walls of windows meet, hands in his pockets, watching the cars criss-

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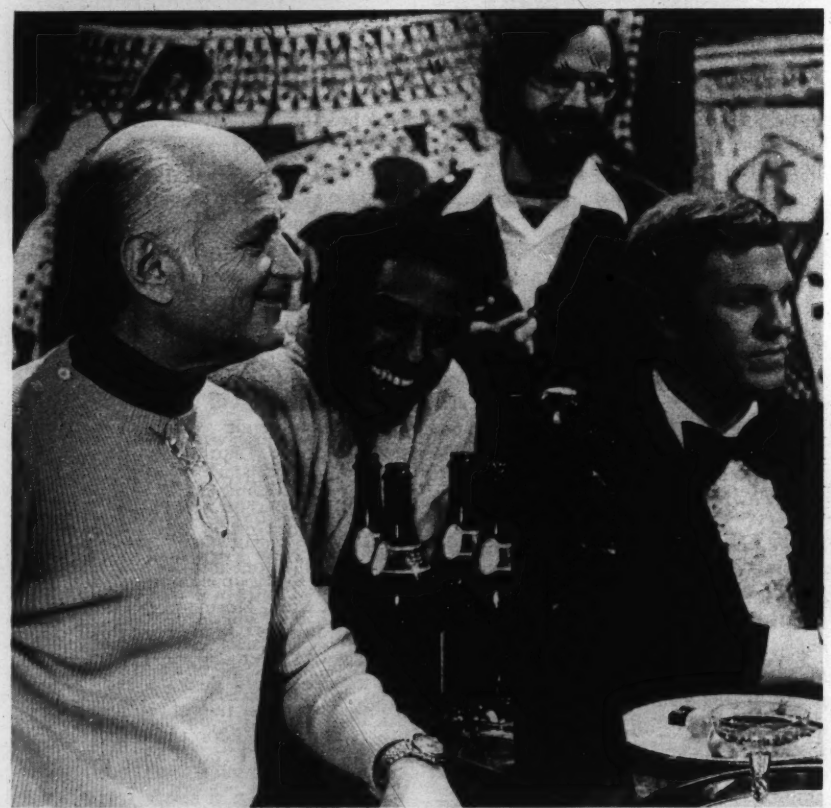
cross two stories below him where the Hollywood Freeway passes under Sunset Boulevard. He's wearing his trademark fishing hat, chewing on a dead cigar. He's silent for some moments. When he speaks again, there's a defensive edge to his voice. "You know, in Seattle and Denver and places like that, station managers are calling and saying, 'Please don't make up your mind whether you're going to continue or not based on what's happening in New York.' They don't have ratings books yet, but they say their phone calls, their mail, the word-of-mouth in town, all of that indicates to them that they have a major hit. So, they're calling us, begging us, 'Don't make up your mind based on the New York ratings.' "

He sounds like he's trying to persuade himself as much as Kathie, to psych himself up. He's in a fight. He's got a lot at stake. Part of it is money. *All That Glitters*, like *Mary Hartman, Fernwood 2-Night* and all the other shows he does outside the three-network system, is a stab at getting a better deal for himself—a piece of the action. The networks pay only a "producer's fee," and, even if a show is a hit, Lear has to fight to get a raise from season to season. But *All That Glitters* and the Fernwood shows are his *own*. He sells them himself—a cash and "barter" deal: stations pay a fee and, in addition, Lear gets one commercial minute per half-hour show to peddle himself on Madison Avenue. The better his ratings, the more those minutes are worth. Because of start-up costs, he lost $1.2 million on *Mary Hartman* its first season, in the same way he'll lose money on *All That Glitters*, too. But in its second season, *Mary Hartman*'s earnings made up the loss and even produced a small profit.

But it's not money that Norman is concerned about. He's got plenty. As long ago as the early 1950s, he was making $100,000 a year as a TV writer. He doesn't talk about money. He talks instead of how, with *Mary Hartman*, "we realized we could paint our own mural our own way. There was no program practices man standing over anybody's shoulder, and our own taste ruled what we could do and what we would do." It's very different working within the network system: "To do the shows I wanted to do, we went to the wall many times—when I refused to change an ending or take out this line or those two pages. This year, still, a kid on *Good Times* couldn't say 'shacking up' until we went to the wall."

In contrast, on Lear's own *All That Glitters*, Globatron chairwoman of



A world of his own: In *All That Glitters* (top), the women head for the office while the men mind the house. Below, Norman (left) visits the show's set. "We're storytellers," he says. "But we *think*"

the board, L.W. Carruthers, asked how she'd deal with a rival, could hold up three fingers—the index, the middle and ring—and purr, "Read between the lines"; it was a gesture that told you all you need to know about who screws whom in that society. Lear would never have gotten it past a network censor, even if he'd "gone to the wall."

The strangest thing about those fights, if you're to believe what Norman tells you, is that he didn't care all that much about the particular issues involved. "If you're asking, 'How much do you care about what a show may or may not be saying?' my answer is that isn't what motivates me. My business is theater. It isn't that I don't care about what the shows are saying. I obviously do. But the only reason I do is that's what makes good theater—issues, ideas, topicality, content. Drama that provokes. The more you care, the harder you laugh."

He's back in his office, sitting in a suedelike sling chair, leaning over his conference table, chin propped in his hand. "There's something less than altruistic to this idea of 'content,'" he's saying. "When we did the two episodes of *Maude* related to alcoholism, you know, none of us were unaware of the fact that, in addition to everything else, these two episodes gave us a wonderful opportunity to see Maude and Walter hilariously drunk."

There's a mug filled with fresh, yellow, needle-sharp pencils near his left hand. He takes one out and taps the point on the tabletop in front of him. "I don't wake up in the morning and say, hey, I wanna do something against handguns. A story comes in, dealing with handguns. A group of dramatic moments possible in such a story leap to mind. So we do it. And we make the point. I guess I *am* hooked by these subjects, but only because they deliver those moments." He's tapping the pencil harder now. "Look, I'm a fucking entertainer. We're storytellers. But we *think*. And the things we think of are much harder to deliver on. It's a bitch to get it right."

The pencil keeps tapping. Discussions like this make Norman uncomfortable. It really bothers him—the way people keep looking for social commentary in his shows. That's not what he's about. Seven years ago, maybe, when he put *All In The Family* on television, it may have been unprecedently heretical in its view of American life. But he didn't do it to comment on social issues. He did it because, as he told the writer from *Current Biography*, "I don't want to deal with TV's old drivel about the wife burning the roast just before the boss comes home to dinner." He was just looking for new material, new sources for theatricality.

The topical gags, the Issues, were the way he dramatized his break with the fifties/sixties sit-com. He doesn't need them anymore. They've been de-emphasized. *Family, Maude, The Jeffersons, Good Times, One Day At A Time*—those aren't Issue shows. They've become character studies. Sometimes plots happen to hinge on topical material, but that's incidental. Even *All's Fair*, begun as an exercise in political one-liners during the height of the presidential campaign, became a love story by the end of its run. And Lear's latest shows—*Mary Hartman*, the Fernwood programs, *All That Glitters*, the ones he does outside the three-network system—have veered off into pure fantasy. When you come right down to it, what is *Mary Hartman about*? What's the "content" of *Fernwood 2-Night*? You *could* call it a satire of Johnny and Merv and Mike and the rest—but it's more an abstraction, Lear's own surreal vision of what a talk show could be, just as *All That Glitters* is his vision of a world with the sex roles reversed. He is creating total fantasies. The "world crisis" intrudes less on his shows now because he's creating a world of his own.

You could watch it happening—the surrealism creeping in, starting with *Mary Hartman*, reaching an apotheosis of sorts with *All That Glitters*, and carrying through *Fernwood 2-Night*. His network hits are still reality-based, but even for the networks Lear took a fling at pure fantasy—*Stick Around*, a comedy about life in the year 2055, and *Year At The Top*, a series about four oldsters who sell their souls to the devil for youth and a year as a superstar rock band. The networks didn't buy either show. But, free of network control, creating his "own mural" on the Fernwood shows and *All That Glitters*, Lear and his team are painting in the abstract.

Lear's office door swings open. His secretary walks in. "Carl Reiner wants to know, can you play tennis at ten this Sunday?" Lear nods. She leaves. He picks up where he left off. He's still brooding over the matter of topicality. "We did a *Maude* episode three years ago in which Maude's 26-year-old daughter wanted to have her boyfriend stay over. They were even going to have separate rooms. Maude said, 'I have one foot in your generation and one foot in my own, and the foot that's in my own generation isn't going to allow

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it.' That attitude was mine and the way I expressed it to my own family. But, in 1977, I have said to my 19-year-old daughter, 'If you're going to be with so-and-so at his house, I want you to know I'd rather have you with him in your own house.' My daughter, who was shocked, said, 'But, Dad, I can't believe this is *you* talking.' And my answer was, 'If anybody is going to enjoy your presence in his house, why should it be someone else's father?'"

He's a family man. That's what he keeps coming back to. It's the material he uses the most. He mines it out of his own life. Archie Bunker is based on his father, Maude (more loosely) on his wife. He gets plots for *One Day At A Time* from things he hears his three daughters say. It's what he leans on, the family, not the topical gags or the Issues—that's only theater. Topical gags are ephemeral. Who laughs at Spiro Agnew anymore? Issues pass away.

Besides, our days are numbered. "Fifteen years ago, when I turned 40, I remember, I looked at my hand and I said, 'My God, I'm looking at my *father's* hand!'" He used the line, first, in his movie, *Divorce American Style*. Then Maude's husband Walter used it when he turned 51, Maude herself when she hit 50.

Norman does that sometimes, recycles jokes. The cremation bit turned up *three* times—twice on *Maude* and once on *Mary Hartman*: someone knocks an urn off a shelf and tries to gather up the ashes with a vacuum cleaner. "A staple of comedy," Lear says: "Ashes in an urn, variations on." Still, it's a bit he chose to repeat, ashes to ashes, like the line about the hand and that sudden recognition of age and death creeping up on you.

People *die* on Lear's shows: Archie's Uncle Oscar (the first death ever on a network-TV comedy), Maude's ex-husband, Walter's boyhood pal. Their hearts suddenly fail. They burn to death. They drown in plates of chicken soup. They're offed by killer Christmas trees.

Nothing is permanent. People disappear. They wander off. They're captured by UFOs. Gypsies steal babies from laundromats and after a few weeks or so no one even seems to miss them anymore. The Wild Child turns up on your doorstep. Your auto plant blows up. Or, in *All That Glitters*, the world itself turns upside down.

Only the family endures. Tom and Mary Hartman hold on. In seven years, only the Bunkers' living-room wallpaper pattern has changed. The *Good Times* family Evans, living in their housing project—simple but steady; the Jeffersons, together; Ann Romano, holding on to her daughters, *One Day At A Time*. The world may be upside down on *All That Glitters*, but, still, the family holds together—even in reverse. "The common element in all the shows is love and caring," Lear says. "And the opposite of that—the *need* for love and caring."

As themes go, it isn't the most complex. But, for television, it's a full-fledged *apercu*—a personal vision, maybe the first in the medium, which runs through all of his shows: The CB bit, for example, which keeps coming back—in *Mary Hartman, All That Glitters*, and *One Day At A Time*. Lear says CB "fascinates" him—not just "the language, its lingo"—but the way "people cultivate families of people they never meet." Lear cultivates families too. We know his characters as well as our own brothers and sisters. Maybe better. We certainly see them more often. He creates a world where the family . . . *home* . . . is the only fixed point. But nothing is permanent.

"When I was nine years old, my father took ill." Lear is standing by the window, watching the homeward rush on the Hollywood freeway. What kind of illness? His face closes up. "He took ill," he repeats, "and was lost to me for three years."

We know his characters as well as our own brothers and sisters. We certainly see them more often

He lights a cigar. "My father was a salesman. His motto was that he could sell refrigerators to Eskimos and shit on a stick as lollipops. He sold anything. Everything. And he was an incredible life force. No matter how bleak the times seemed to everyone else, he was going to have something important happen in 'ten days to two weeks.' That was his expression. There was always something *big* about to happen in 'ten days to two weeks.' And when I would press him, he would say, 'Ah, tut-tut-tut. It's gonna happen. Ah tut-tut-tut.' 'When? You said ten days to two weeks.' He'd say, 'Ah tut-tut-tut.'"

Blue cigar smoke hangs around his head. "The night my father had to go away, my home was alive with friends and relatives who were wishing condolences and who were buying the furniture because my mother had to break up the house. I was being patted on the head and being told, 'Well, for a while, son, you're going to be the man of the house.' At the age of nine. I knew that the next day I was going to be living with my grandparents, my sister was going to another relative, and I don't remember what my mother was going to do. And I saw someone, a distant relative, buying my father's red leather chair in which I used to sit and listen on the radio to the Friday night fights. Sitting in *his* leather chair and listening to the fights meant something to me that I can't describe. When I saw that chair being sold, among all of the other items that represented home to me, I think something about home and family was locked in, some understanding of home and family and its importance."

He sits down at the conference table, leans forward, over it. "So, I guess you see that in the shows. Archie's chair is his throne. Now, I don't remember my father thinking that way about his chair. But I remember how *I* felt about his chair. I remember my bed and I remember my bed had slats in the headboard and it faced the window, and on a summer evening, when I had to be in bed at dusk, I could see the older kids playing outside. And I used to peek between the slats, playing games. You know, losing one kid because I moved my eye over a quarter of an inch, and picking up three other kids because the angle had changed. When I lost that headboard - . . . that headboard meant home to me, that headboard meant comfort to me, that headboard . . . I never understood until I was about to lose it. I had all of that meaning brought home to me at the age of nine."

The telephone rings. "Hello?" He pushes back his hat, rubs his bare scalp. Someone wants him on the *All That Glitters* set. The next moment he's on his way.

They posted the closing notice on June 9. The telegram went out from Lear's office: "We regret to inform you that we are exercising our option not to continue production of . . . *All That Glitters* beyond the first 13 weeks. We, however, are still hopeful, and Norman Lear is ever confident, that the audience will find this show, which could be reflected in the last few, or even the last, weeks' ratings. . . ." Lear really believed it—that the show would find its audience, that there would be some kind of last-minute reprieve and the show might be resurrected. But numbers are all in television—and with a month to go, they still didn't add up for *All That Glitters*. ●

The boldest, best-made film of the summer

It's V-J Day in New York, New York when they meet. He's Jimmy Doyle (Robert DeNiro), an underemployed sax player; she's Francine Evans (Liza Minnelli), a singer just back from a USO tour. He's pushy; she's a pushee. What they have in common is youth, ambition and talent. The time is right for Francine's talent: as a stylish big-band thrush, she's up there with Helen O'Connell, maybe even Peggy Lee. Jimmy has to wait for tastes to catch up with his bebop improvisations; and when the time comes, his artistry will still win only coterie recognition. (To a lot of people, Gerry Mulligan was just Mr. Judy Holliday.) Their romance could be right out of an old-time Hollywood musical—say, *Singin' in the Rain* crossed with *A Star Is Born*. But in Hollywood, endings turn out happy or heroic. This is real life—sort of.

New York, New York. The movie's street-smart youthfulness, the crazy ambitiousness of director Martin Scorsese, the outsized talent of its stars—indeed, the schizophrenic moods that finally make the film such an exciting failure—all are summarized in the title. The movie is a daring attempt to reconcile two popular views of New York as presented, once upon a time and right now, by Hollywood movies. The first New York is the traditional one inhabited by Bette Davis and John Garfield: the nerve-center Never-Never Land of American energy and sophistication, where the skyline points your way to the stars, and where, once you've Made It, you can live out every dream of selfishness and success.

This is the New York of Boris Leven's spectacular (and spectacularly false) sets, and of Scorsese's unusually no-nonsense *mise-en-scène* — he has adroitly assimilated the style of Old Masters like Raoul Walsh and a director named Vincente Minnelli. You can feel this high-spirited assurance all through the movie's first half, which traces Jimmy's endearingly madcap courting of Francine from the moment he picks her up in "the Moonlit Terrace of the Biltmore Hotel" to his comically manic proposal of marriage from under a taxicab wheel in the middle of Nowhere, North Carolina. In these early scenes DeNiro shows a real comic sense, a weird blending of Cary Grant's furious determination and Huntz Hall's goony grin. DeNiro's mouth is forever on the move, working a cigarette or working over some spearmint gum or working on his sax mouthpiece, or playing up to Liza with a constant line of compliments and abuse. It's as if DeNiro wants to prove himself the Old Hollywood movie star we've always known Liza to be. He does, splendidly. And Scorsese, with no small help from screenwriters Earl Mac Rauch and Mardik Martin, proves that he can make any kind of movie he wants to—even an old-fashioned comedy with a very modern cutting edge.

But Scorsese isn't interested in sustaining this tone through an entire film. He wants to show us another New York, full of people in a hurry to get somewhere who keep bumping into one another, sending off antagonistic sparks of misdirected energy. John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee fantasizes that this sort of collision could trigger a chain reaction that would end in the urban Armageddon. Scorsese, in *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*, sees it as the way many New Yorkers choose to survive in the electrical energy storm.

DeNiro and Minnelli: Old-fashioned comedy, modern cutting edge

In *New York, New York* the abrasions are emotional instead of physical. But though the domestic violence may amount to nothing more brutal than a slap in the face, it hurts more than all the deaths at the end of *Taxi Driver*. The bickering between Jimmy and Francine, which takes up most of the film's second half, has something to do with her becoming a star while he's playing cheap gigs in Harlem. And there are artistic differences: he thinks she's too commercial, she knows he's too avant-garde. But the problem is mostly Jimmy's compulsion to pick on Francine until he wears her down. Whether it's the question of a career or a baby or a late-night Chinese dinner, he expects her to surrender helplessly and happily.

Scorsese has always responded strongly to challenges; it's what has helped him become the most inventive director in the New Hollywood. Here he's taken what could have been a sure-fire bittersweet comedy drama, and turned it into a modernist love story about two people who could never

really like each other very much. He's worked, very carefully, within and against the clichés of old movies. He's instructed Liza to speak in the ricochet rhythms of his *Mean Streets* tough guys; and toward the end of the film, when she belts out the title song in a posh Manhattan supper club, he manages to comment ironically on all those ersatz-neurotic, calculatedly show-stopping gestures Liza appropriated from her mother. It's as if this second-generation star is not just an appealing performer—she's another Hollywood convention to be celebrated and criticized.

What finally defeats Scorsese is his chronic inability to shape the material into a coherent narrative, so that the movie is something more than a series of sensational moments. But I have the feeling that, this time, Scorsese did pull the whole huge scheme off—in the four-hour rough cut of *New York, New York*, which many who saw it (Scorsese seemingly included) prefer to the two-and-a-half-hour release version. For a start, it might explain plot twists that are now left tantalizingly or clumsily oblique; as the picture stands, we never learn how Jimmy gets back on his feet by the end of the film, or what that cute little singer (Mary Kay Place) is doing in Jimmy's hotel room. It would include the 10-minute "Happy Endings" production number, of which only a few seconds remain. It might even help us understand exactly what Jimmy and Francine ever saw in each other besides star quality. Four hours of what is basically a two-character film might seem excessive, but in the case of *New York, New York* too much might be just enough. To be sure, what we have is by far the boldest, best-made film of the summer releases. But somewhere out there is Scorsese's own *Scenes from a Showbiz Marriage*.

Consumers' retort

Most people who go to the movies really want to like what they see. Critics may look for what's good and bad in a film, but civilian audiences look for—hope for—what's good, or at least what can be enjoyed. They're sophisticated enough not to suspend disbelief, but they do suspend disengagement; the movie almost always gets the benefit of the doubt. They measure films not against other works in the same genre, or other forms of art, or social reality, but against the TV shows they'd be watching if they were at home. Their demand is simple: they want to have three or four dollars' worth of a good time.

Some filmmakers and studio bosses understand this demand, and try to satisfy it. The result: movies for which critics are irrelevant, because practical aesthetics are irrelevant. Case in point: last Christmas' *Silver Streak*, which was dismissed or ignored by just about every critic, and which by now has made something like $30 million. I saw the film again in Brussels, where the audience reception was as enthusiastic and as indulgent as it has been in Tiajuana and Tallahassee. A critic would look at the picture's mélange of plots, genres and styles, and say, "What's to like?" The moviegoer looks at all the sex, detective trappings, train wrecks and Richie Pryor, and asks "What's *not* to like?" *Silver Streak* is the cinema as Product. A good product needn't be a good movie—not so long as it sells.

Rollercoaster (which one may as well call a Universal Picture, rather than saying it was written by Richard Levinson, William Link and Sanford Sheldon and directed by James Goldstone) is good product. You could tell within the first 30 seconds that a paying audience was going to enjoy the movie. Their collective laugh at the opening boast-warning ("The management assumes no responsibility for the physical or emotional reactions of the individual viewer") was full-bodied and good-natured. And the tenor of that laugh pretty much defines the mood of the movie, a surprisingly relaxed and intelligent thriller about a young man of unhinged mind and seemingly unlimited means who blows up amusement-park rides for fun and profit.

For the slumming critic, the virtues of *Rollercoaster* reside mostly in the confident and unself-conscious way a cast of middle-range stars—George Segal, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Timothy Bottoms—ambles through a script so low-keyed as to be frequently inaudible. (A clever ploy, that: you're straining to hear the dialogue and suddenly BOOM! a bullet explodes in Sensurround.) For the movie's manufacturers, the major structural challenge was whether to have the promise of a rollercoaster disaster in the middle of the film, as well as at the beginning and the end. (Solution to the problem: equip George Segal, our hero, with a bomb that may go off At Any Moment as he searches for the villain.) But for the audience, the enjoyment came in trying to anticipate the precise moment of the Sensurround blast (when you move either up or down in your seat, depending on how great a seismic rumble you want), and then chuckling at the childishness of their own screams. The chuckling is a clue to the movie's modest intent: it wants to induce the shouts of playful terror (somewhere between "Aaaargh!" and ""Wheee!") that a good rollercoaster ride produces. And, modestly, it succeeds—on its own terms, though maybe not on those of a critic. So who cares? As a moviegoer, I liked it. Expect nothing, and you won't be disappointed.

The audience at **The Other Side of Midnight** (at least that part of the audience sitting near me) was there for another reason: to see how much of Sidney Sheldon's novel made it to the screen. These were genuine textual critics, the popular equivalent of reviewers who compare Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* unfavorably with Thackeray's. Near me was a young black man who, before the movie started, said to his date: "My sister saw me reading the book and said, 'What are you, some jive-turkey faggot?' I told her, 'I ain't readin' this for the love stuff, I'm readin' it for the power stuff!' " Clearly, the property has universal appeal. And though the movie seems to me awful in almost every respect—and, more crucial, far too slowly paced ever to attract a mainstream moviegoer—an audience of Times Square sharpies loved wallowing around in two hours and 45 minutes of international sexual intrigue.

It's possible to make a good movie from this kind of pablum pulp; Ross Hunter (producer) and Douglas Sirk (director) proved that in the fifties with *Written on the Wind*. But Frank Yablans (product manager) and Charles Jarrott (traffic director) don't have the old masters' sense of speed and irony. They also make a fatal mistake in not casting the part of Larry Douglas—whose devil-may-care suavity and numbing sexual prowess enslave independent women on two continents—with a big, romantic Redford-type star, who could bring to the part reverberations from other more substantial leading-man roles. No: they choose John Beck, who has the strong, oafish-jawed features of a *Mad* parody of Superman. Yablans and Jarrott don't even know enough to begin the picture with a bang instead of a 10-minute *sotto voce* whimper in a Greek prison. This is a melodrama, guys! Don't treat it like the Passion Play.

But there I go, underestimating Yablans (he also produced *Silver Streak*), and behaving like a critic. The real people in that moviehouse truly seemed to enjoy *Midnight*—laughing and sighing along with Marie-France Pisier and Susan Sarandon (who acquit themselves with some honor)—but as they left the theater, certain regrets were expressed. "But they didn't emphasize how her father was a pimp, and they left out the chapter with the Nazi general, and the abortion should have taken place in the bedroom, and. . . ." Sometimes moviegoers can be the severest critics.

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The true story of Vladimir Nabokov's inflatable bathtub

Nabokov: His Life in Part *by Andrew Field*. Viking (285 pp., $15).

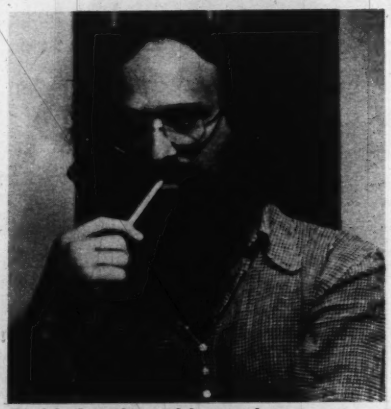
This peculiar book somewhat resembles Ring Lardner Jr.'s recent biographical account of his family, a taciturn narrative in an often losing contest with its author's reticence and decorum. Andrew Field, who has already written at length about Vladimir Nabokov's work (*Nabokov: His Life in Art*), has been about the business of his subject's life since 1968. He came, he says, dragging his heels to this latter calling, and he seems eager to have done with the "sorry genre" of biography: his concise work's last words are: "The End. Oh. The End." I read his "oh" as an ejaculation of relief rather than of doubt, though the tentative character of *Nabokov: His Life in Part* is everywhere stressed. "The title is an admission and declaration of inconclusive evidence, of freedom from the fat of irrelevant fact. . . ."

The heavy fall of *f*'s is not at all Nabokovian, but the pleasure taken from inconclusive evidence is, entirely. So is Field's impatience with the quotidian; midway through his investigation of his subject's works and days he begins to describe an inflatable bathtub Nabokov was obliged to use during an ocean voyage. It was possible, evidently, to bathe in the thing with a single glass of water: "So still that mysterious appliance follows me—its slosh, its peculiar resiny smell, Nabokov even drew it for me once, but it looked rather like a diminutive World War II liferaft, and I cannot imagine how it functioned on so little water—and reminds me that if I cannot understand so simple a thing (one could *research* the matter in an instant, of course, but better not) how little a part of another person's life one may grasp."

There is a fine treatise on biography in that sentence. One would be mad to bother with such research, but such biographical madness has become routine in the plodding, archival sprawls that reduce personages to index-carded chunks of chronology. I like as well Field's awareness, owing less to humility than to an appetite for complexity, that at best he will have achieved a version of a life, an imagining rather than a replication. The aside within parentheses (one of the author's stylistic tics) is an act of modification, a display of an alternative process.

But another thing remains to be said about the passage, and the striking figure of Nabokov, in his imperial exile in Switzerland, drawing for his biographer the fabrication in which he once took a bath. An imaginative artist, if any imaginative artist lives, he is in the matter of his own life a bear for exactitude. If Field is after comeliness and suggestiveness, Nabokov wished to have his bathing apparatus researched, and accurately reproduced.

It's a loony enterprise, of course, writing a book about a writer who has written *Speak, Memory*, arguably the finest autobiography of this century. So it cannot come as a surprise that "the book you hold does not come with the recommendation of Vladimir Nabokov." Nabokov's disappointments have been various: he regards this first biography as "an unsuccessful assault" upon *Speak, Memory* and, more important, he and his wife of more than 50 years, Véra, were immoderately distressed by Field's necessary probes into their personal history, however honorable—even exemplary—that history has shown itself to have been. (He doesn't even like the book's title.)



Field: A reticent biographer

God knows why the Nabokovs consented to the project, or why the decorous Field undertook it, but the fruit is an interesting bit of work. Field has managed to produce a life very nearly clean of gossip. He pokes at Nabokov's young love life with the longest stick any biographer could ever have held, and he refuses to repeat what any person he has interviewed thinks of Nabokov, or thought of him. He is fanatically discreet, but not a forelock-tugger. He quite wonderfully regards his encounter with Nabokov and this genre as having been "something like scrubbing a quiescent but watchful rhinoceros with a large and unwieldy old-fashioned straw brush," but he has taken on the chore with becoming temerity.

He is even-handed in his distribution of blame between Edmund Wilson and Nabokov in the ludicrous squabbles that defaced the pages of several periodicals on several occasions, and rises to a handsome recollection to describe the end of the one-time friendship between those men: Wilson liked to send clever and self-made Christmas cards to his friends, and to Nabokov, a celebrated lepidopterist, he sent (in 1968) a paper butterfly powered by a rubber band: "It thrummed inelegantly straight to the floor, twitched a few times, and was still. It was black, and that was that."

Field might have mentioned, in his inventory of the enthusiasms shared by Wilson and Nabokov, a passion for magic tricks, but there is not much else that he misses. He's especially good with Nabokov's gestures, carriage, and swoops of humor and distemper. He has caught his man's speech, and pinned it. A nice specimen: "In English there is sometimes a soft echo at the end of a word so that a word like 'much' is pulled along by a little steam engine." Nabokov is notoriously charming and manipulative; Field is charmed, but un-hornswoggled: "Nabokov plays his game quite well. He should—he invented it. But I wonder sometimes that he does not tire of it, for he seems too good an actor to be satisfied with a lifelong character part."

The speculation breaks into two parts, games and roles. As Nabokov's readers can attest, and as Field demonstrated with ingenuity in his critical study ten years ago, man's passion for games has been everlasting, from ten-

nis to diabolical chess problems to double-dealing in his fiction. He plays superbly, and without his play Field would not have spent himself writing about the man, and I would not be reading about him. He plays his public part as a character actor with less success, but who (besides that old faker Frost) could do better?

He and his wife are private, almost glacial in their deep and forbidding self-sufficiency. Yet for a man of Nabokov's stature there is no safe haven from the curious and the friendly short of the kind of disappearing act performed by J.D. Salinger (whom Nabokov admires) and Thomas Pynchon (whom he taught at Cornell). He is asked the same questions again and again (Where do you write? When? Pen or pencil? On a full or empty belly? How many words a day? Do you have a sneaker for prepubescent teenies? How about you and Sue Lyon? Is it true that your wife is Jewish? What's your favorite country? Why did you leave America?).

Nabokov may perhaps enjoy our forgiveness for having stylized his replies to such investigations. Asked by *Playboy* in 1963, four years after he had quit Cornell and removed himself and his boodle from *Lolita* to the shores of Lake Geneva, whether he felt "any strong sense of national identity," he replied from behind his mask: "I am an American writer, born in Russia and educated in England where I studied French literature, before spending 15 years in Germany." Concise, accurate, foreclosing. There can be no access to the internal complexities of his legendary case that he does not wish to open. Born in 1899, an extraordinarily rich and happy childhood in Russia, exile in 1919, the assassination of his father—by every account a wonderful man—in 1922 as he tried to shield the man for whom the bullets were meant. Three unhappy years at Cambridge, marriage in 1925, an escape from Berlin at the last possible moment (in 1937), another from Paris at the ditto (in 1940). A new life in America, giving up his beloved Russian language for our own, looking down his snoot at frauds and phonies, loving Americans, staying in America for 20 years, as long as he has lived anywhere. Losing two brothers to concentration camps, the continuing pain of the loss of his father, who had been imprisoned by thugs politically to the left of him before he was murdered by thugs to the right of him. In permanent exile, fixed by the polar star of his wife, and of his art, and of his honor, and of his reserve. No fit subject, alive, for biography.

The most substantial portion of this book, as modest in its claims as Field's previous book was arrogant, treats the years of Russian emigration in Berlin and Paris. Nabokov, in *Speak, Memory* and in any number of his fictions, has himself retailed the craziness of that period, and the odd freedom. The freedom was a by-product of indifference: the émigrés' French and German hosts could not for a long time comprehend nor concern themselves with the literature and disputations in such free circulation in Russian-language periodicals printed in their countries. The political and aesthetic combats were, however, of an almost lunatic intensity and complexity, so that a figure of speech might justly be altered: let us henceforth call the twists and treacheries of Byzantine politics and sociology "émigré Russian." Nabokov's fictional monkeyshines with disguises and doctored biographies have come naturally to a man growing up with double agents, repudiations, false shuffles, and chimerical dreams of return to a lost homeland.

But it would be wrong, and by Nabokov's lights unspeakably vulgar (I would hate to think of him reading my biography of him over my shoulder), to confuse his facts with his inventions. He loves to trip visitors to his fictions with pieces of biographical detritus spread here and there through his narratives, but he is by no means confused by their appearances there. More play. *Merely*, I almost wrote, more play. Interviewed most intelligently by Herbert Gold more than ten years ago in *Paris Review*, Nabokov was asked, as he has been asked many times since, whether he worried sometimes that his playfulness "diminished" his fictional characters, making of them ciphers in a cosmic farce. He replied with some heat: "How can I 'diminish' to the level of ciphers, et cetera, characters that I have invented myself? One can 'diminish' a biographee, but not an eidolon."

It is impossible to judge, finally, whether the principal character of this book is a biographee or a phantom, but it is certain that he is undiminished by the trial of having passed through Field's pages. "He is," Field judges, "I reckon, a good man, oh, in a peculiar way perhaps, and with certain lapses, but a good man nonetheless." If, by the debased standards of the day, this judgment seems tepid, it is not. Like everything in these pages it is hard-won, and with aspirations toward truth.

A final passage, Field and Nabokov at their characteristic best, might suggest what this narrative has managed to do, against very long odds. For the sake of his biographer, Nabokov recollected that when he was ten Tolstoy visited with his father and stood tousling the young boy's hair. "It is a nice vignette, and I will take its absence from *Speak, Memory* as a pure sign of Nabokov's extraordinarily reserved character. Not many people, I daresay, would be able to count those fingers in their hair for so little when they came to tell about their lives."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST TAPPE

Nabokov: A glacial figure—no fit subject, alive, for biography

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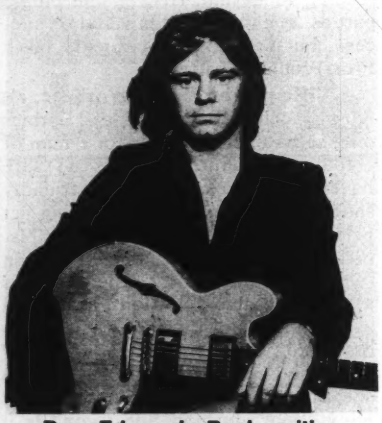
Records

By Jim Miller

★★ This Time It's For Real, *Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes* (Epic); **★★★★ Get It,** *Dave Edmunds* (Swan Song). Can rock goodies be oldies without sounding moldy? That's the question posed by these two albums evoking rock and roll's past. Southside Johnny fastens on uptown soul, circa 1963: his new album features cameo shots by the Coasters, the Five Satins and the Drifters, with a dedication to Leiber and Stoller. The producing and writing by Steve Van Zandt (with an occasional assist from Bruce Springsteen) is sharp, the concept right. Yet all too often, Southside Johnny sounds like the bar-band singer he is, going through the paces one more time: the result resembles a hi-gloss rerun of such earlier ex-bar-band faves as the Outsiders ("Time Won't Let Me").

Southside Johnny: Hi-gloss ferun

No such problem dogs Dave Edmunds' new album. After several years of one-man shows proving his mastery of arcane rock modes, Edmunds has hooked up with Nick Lowe, formerly of Brinsley Schwarz, and producer of the first Graham Parker album. Edmunds has chosen several Parkerites to accompany him, and Lowe has scripted some unlikely new material in the old style. The trouble with Edmunds' earlier solo work (he has also produced Brinsley Schwarz and the Flamin' Groovies) was that slavish fidelity to his sources—Sun records, Phil Spector—didn't let the punk inside the museum curator rock out. That problem has been largely remedied on *Get It*: on such rip-roaring screamers as "Juju Man" and "What Did I Do Last Night?" Edmunds sounds as eager as a kid in a candy store; even better, straight mimesis has given way to playful allusions, such as the Tex-Mex accordion stashed in the break of "Juju Man."



Dave Edmunds: Rock verities

The borrowed material—Bob Seeger's "Get Out of Denver," Graham Parker's "Back to School Days"—is superb, the execution flawless: Edmunds the guitarist knows the art of economy, and Edmunds the vocalist conveys a kick out of being a chameleon (some disguises here: Chuck Berry, Gene Vincent, Elvis Presley, the Everly Brothers, Ray Price, the Lettermen, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Beach Boys). His brilliant production is merely icing on the cake. If anybody wants a contemporary primer on the verities of rock and roll the way it used to be, *Get It* has got it.

★★★★ Bumps and Bruises, *Joe Tex* (Epic). The rebirth of Southern Soul (*New Times*, May 13) is complete with the return of the great Joe Tex. Impeccably produced by Buddy Killen with a razor-sharp Nashville band, this new album shows off Tex preaching as if he'd never left music in 1973 for the Muslim faith. Maybe he was secretly writing songs in between sermons—for *Bumps* is one of his strongest sets, down to such hot entrees as "Leaving You Dinner."

Joe Tex: Southern Soul

HOMECOMING

Continued from page 49

said she was "quite honored to have grown up in the same town with a famous person like Alex Haley," but she expressed the opinion that most whites in the town don't share her pride, and she doesn't expect them to change very much. "This is today," she said. "Tomorrow will be like yesterday. Henning will still be Henning."

A black man sitting in front of the cafe and pool hall on McFarlin Street (an establishment described by one disapproving black woman as "that colored tavern that looks a little frail") asserted happily that Haley's presence, however brief, would bring big changes to Henning. "We're gonna be like Plains," he said, "and that's alright with me, 'cause that means money."

Three middle-aged black women on the lawn of the Palmer house drew a different conclusion. They were proud of Haley, but less than hopeful about Henning, which they said was in dire need of better housing, jobs and wages for low-income people.

Jim Hickman was there, too, watching from the Texaco station at the corner of Main and McFarlin. Until Alex Haley gained world renown, Hickman was Henning's most famous product. A faded sign on the edge of town identifies him as a star performer for the Chicago Cubs, and he also played for the New York Mets and other major-league teams. Retired from baseball now, he lives in Henning and farms in the county. He was pleased to see the town gain recognition because of Haley and *Roots*: "It's a great thing for Henning. It'll liven things up. The town had been slowly dying. This interest in the place is bound to help us. We won't be like Plains, though. Carter still has his home there, but Haley has been gone from here for a long time."

By mid-afternoon, Henning is beginning to return to normal. The church women and others whose concession stands had been stocked to serve a multitude are disappointed that no multitude came. There is an abundance of leftover food, drink and souvenirs. One woman is irate. "This was supposed to be Alex Haley day in Henning," she complains, "but it wasn't. We hardly even saw him. They rushed him in and rushed him out, pushed the poor man from one place to another. I think the politicians have got hold of this thing, and they're milking it for all it's worth."

Mrs. Tuholski and Mrs. Forsberg were here, but they have gone home to escape the heat, which is rising now in shimmering waves from the downtown pavement. Mrs. Crutcher is at home too, having stayed there throughout. She is relieved. "I feel better about it, now that it's over," she says. "It's not gonna change anything much."

Only at the New Hope CME Church are people still gathered. As part of the homecoming celebration, they have scheduled a Halleluiah Jubilee. A few dozen well-dressed people are there, all of them black, most of them members of the congregation. There will be gospel singing, and preaching, and thanksgiving for this day, for Alex Haley.

Fred and Earnestine Montgomery are there, in the fellowship room behind the sanctuary. They have worked long and hard to make the homecoming a success, and they are numb with weariness.

"The crowd was about what I expected," Montgomery says slowly. "I was happy with it. It was a peaceful crowd—the way we are peaceful people. We never expected any trouble. The good effect will be permanent. Having all this attention focused here—with Haley, with the governor—will make it easier for everybody to share, and for Henning to progress." He says he's sorry Haley didn't get to visit the cemetery, "but he'll be back soon." Haley and his brothers want to buy the Palmer house and restore it, he says, "and I hope that can be done. It's a matter of satisfying Mrs. Reid, the present owner."

"The colored people and the white people here are like redbirds—we don't fraternize"

Emma Lee Reid has lived in the Palmer house since she and her husband bought it from the Haley brothers in 1959. She is sitting alone now in a rocking chair on the front porch. The yard is littered with paper cups, sandwich wrappers, empty film boxes. Mrs. Reid's husband died just two weeks ago; her face bespeaks her grief.

"I heard they wanted to buy my house," she says softly, "but nobody has said anything to me. I'm not anxious to sell." She looks out at the historical marker freshly planted in the yard. "I don't like that sign where it is. It impresses people that this place is his. I want that sign moved."

Mrs. Reid is not critical of Haley, though. A former school teacher, she says *Roots* "brought out Negro history so plainly for me. And today—I thought it was just grand to have this day. Whites are beginning to realize that people are just people. The older heads have still got some pull-back in 'em, but the young ones, they don't have that problem. Things are improving, and today helped a whole lot."

Mayor Graves is back at the town hall, glad that the celebration is over and certain that it won't change Henning. "We won't attract a lot of tourists," he says. "Maybe three or four a week will come by. Everything will be back just like it was—and that's fine with me."

Now that Haley is gone, the mayor indicates that he never thought too much of the homecoming idea in the first place. He is 70 years old, a former state trooper, and he is still in the habit of saying "nigger." Next month he will retire.

"It wasn't because of Haley Day that the town got spruced up," he says. "One family started painting and fixing, and the rest just picked it up. We got their cemetery cleaned up, thanks to Haley, but it'll be back like it was, 'cause there's nobody left around here to take care of it." And the fence? "It'll stay."

Late in the day, there is a peaceful stillness at Bethlehem Cemetery. The trees cast long shadows. Charles Echels, a black man from Memphis, has stopped to look around. His mother is with him. She was born in Henning.

"Today was a shot in the arm for Henning," Echels says. "I think it'll pick up around here now. People will start coming back from up North. The black-white thing, it's already changed, it's pretty good. If I didn't have my job in Memphis, I'd come too. This place reminds you of the way it used to be—in all the good ways."

There is a new headstone in the cemetery. It has been here only a few days. It sits next to the markers of the Murrays and Will Palmer, beside the rusty fence. Engraved in the smooth granite are six words:

FINAL RESTING PLACE
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On May 26, one week after the big event in Henning, Emma Lee Reid died suddenly of a heart attack in the old Palmer house. It is thought that her heirs will offer the property for sale to Haley and his brothers, or to the state of Tennessee.●

Beyond the Cuisinart/By Arthur Lubow

Food

Once it was a curiosity, the cutting edge of cuisine. Now it's bucking the toaster for top spot on the kitchen shelf. The Cuisinart food processor has settled in. You can read Cuisinart cookbooks and take Cuisinart cooking classes. You can buy Cuisinart accessories, ranging from the sublime french fry disc to the ridiculous truffle slicer. You can find half a dozen storage racks for your Cuisinart cutting tools. And by summer's end, you will be able to choose among seven American competitors of the French supermachine.

Just as Henry Ford never envisioned Los Angeles, so the full impact of the Cuisinart was beyond Carl Sontheimer's imagination when he first saw the food processor in France in 1972 and decided to bring it to America. The new food processor was the home kitchen version of the larger Robot Coupe used in restaurants. Sontheimer imported 50 Cuisinarts that August. They could chop, shred, slice, grate and puree. But could they sell? Time proved they could—beautifully. About 100,000 are sold in the U.S. annually.

The American consumer's longtime fascination with gadgetry and newfound interest in cooking have made the food processor the most welcome French arrival since Lafayette. (Scorned in its homeland, the machine was taken off the French market for two years because of poor sales.) Chopping onions was once a small torture. Now it's an amusement. Such mundane tasks as slicing carrots and chopping meat, as well as the more elaborate challenges of preparing pâtés and fish mousses, are drained of their dreariness. The Cuisinart can do almost everything.

The predictable American response to a machine that can do almost everything is: How can we make it do more? The answer to that question will always wind up costing you money. New accessories crystallize constantly in the condensation trail of the speeding Cuisinart. "I really love to cook and I used to be an inventor," Sontheimer explains. "As I thought of new blades, I asked Robot Coupe to come up with them." They have come up with six accessory blades, which range in price from $12 (for the fine vegetable slicer, ripple-cut vegetable slicer and truffle slicer) to $20 (for the french fry disc). A fine shredder and serrated fine slicer each cost $14.

Spare blades are not the only presents to buy for the well-dressed Cuisinart. A slightly clumsy, three-part plastic juice extractor ($35) squeezes a tasty carrot or apple juice and, if you first remove the peel, makes orange juice as well. An oval funnel (already offered by other manufacturers) and a julienne disc will soon be on the market. Perhaps the most absurdly luxurious extra is the twelve-by-two-inch covered black bread pan ($17.50), which bakes a loaf that fits perfectly into the Cuisinart feed tube to be sliced into canape bases or Melba toast.

Not all of these attachments add much to the basic repertoire of steel knife, medium slicer and medium shredder—the three blades that come with both the $185 basic machine and the $225 deluxe model. If you yearn for accessories, the best bets are the serrated fine slicer (one of the three basic blades on the older model until a medium slicer replaced it) or the french fry disc, which will cut meats and vegetables into slightly curved sticks. The french fry disc is especially useful for Chinese food buffs, who need to julienne large quantities of food. As far as one can tell, the only time to buy a truffle slicer is when you need a house gift for someone who has ten salt-and-pepper shakers in the cupboard.

"It'll be like a grown-up Barbie doll—there will be something new each month," jokes Dorothy Sims. "I recommended that they package the truffle slicer with a pound of truffles." A pound of truffles costs as much as two deluxe Cuisinarts, but Mrs. Sims can afford it. Two years ago she owned a Manhattan kitchen shop. "I was selling Cuisinarts, and no one knew how to run them," she recalls. "So I'd go to the back of the store to demonstrate." Mrs. Sims no longer has a store. She now spends three-fourths of her time on the road, teaching a two-hour course to groups of ten at $12.50 each and giving demonstrations in department stores. When her $10 food processor cookbook appeared last November, she estimated that she had taught 3,000 students. Over 15,000 copies of the book have been sold so far, and her second processor cookbook on Chinese food is due in August. She says she has gained 30 pounds since she began writing her cookbooks—but she is not complaining.

Among the best processor books are Yvonne Young Tarr's *The Great Food Processor Cookbook* and Roy Andries de Groot's *Cooking with the Cuisinart Food Processor*. Still, they are both $12.95. Any cook with an iota of imagination would probably do better to master the machine's techniques and adapt favorite recipes from other cookbooks.

Although several types of food processors exist—the KitchenAid and Starmix are distinguished examples—it is the Cuisinart that has captured the public's fancy. Small-scale operators like Mrs. Sims first recognized the Cuisinart's appeal and moved quickly to meet the new needs it generated. In May 1976, Acrylic Designs, a small plastics factory in a converted Vermont barn, started producing tool cubes for storing blades. The first year, 65,000 cubes were sold. The four-person factory staff increased to 20, and the barn's hayloft was reclaimed for inventory. Two other companies manufacture Cuisinart part racks. "The

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

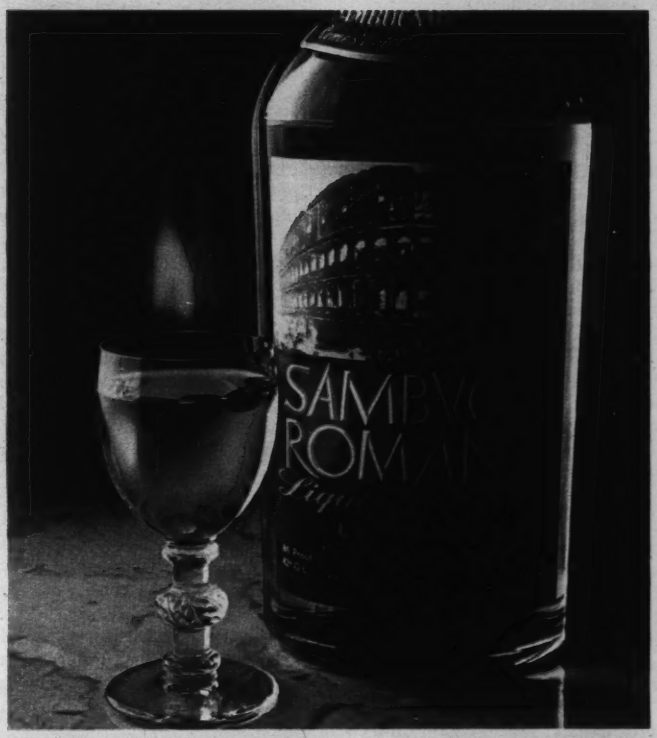
Cuisinart: The IBM of food processors

holders are all made of Lucite, and they all sell," says Larry Hurd of Bloomingdale's. Lucite is part of the Cuisinart gestalt.

It didn't take too long for the big American appliance firms to follow the path blazed by Cuisinart. Four manufacturers will be introducing American cousins to the Cuisinart this summer. Each has special selling points. General Electric ($90) has reversible blades and a low price. Moulinex ($120) has a blender attachment and a french fry cutter. The Hamilton Beach ($160) has its motor alongside rather than under the base: the control panel looks like an electric can-opener. Most expensive is the Waring ($200), which features instant-braking blades that can be used in tandem, a tool rack and a feed tube situated in the rear for easy viewing. Last summer Oster presented its Kitchen Center FoodCrafter ($150), which boasts 10 speeds, dough hook, blender and beater, as well as a complete accessory list of citrus juicer, ice crusher, can-opener and french fry cutter. An early Cuisinart knock-off by Farberware ($120) has the same range of parts as the French machine but, according to the June *Consumer Reports*, performs less well.

The closest Cuisinart facsimile is the American Food Processor, which was introduced last January. Sales manager Mal Sherman predicts that sales will exceed 350,000 this year. The American has a suggested retail price of $80 but, like the other domestic machines and unlike the Cuisinart, it discounts for considerably less. Interestingly, the American Food Processor blades fit the Cuisinart (although the reverse is not true, because the American bowl is slightly smaller). This summer the company will introduce a $5 package of four heat-tempered plastic blades—a thick slicer, a crinkle cutter, a wide crinkle cutter and a shoestring potato cutter—that Sherman says "work equally well on both machines." The California firm will also market a $5 seven-blade rack, and it's working on a juicer. Cuisinart may soon be in the position of IBM, producing expensive main-frame machines and constantly worrying about pesky small companies that are trying to invade its profitable market in low-cost peripherals or accessories.

So far Cuisinarts' Carl Sontheimer doesn't seem edgy. "I think the competition is good for everyone," he says. He still has the class machine, and he will continue to reap the profits of what has been called the second French Revolution. If the market keeps expanding, there's more than enough to share. "We look forward to the food processor becoming the second most common kitchen appliance after the can-opener," says Mal Sherman.●



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The Mets' end game/By Mark Goodman

Final Tribute

They were the pride and pity of New York, the lowly, lovable, laughable Mets. Never before in the history of baseball—or any other sport, for that matter—has such pathos on the field inspired such uncritical affection in the grandstand. From its disastrous beginning in 1962, the epic of the Mets was chronicled in banners of newsprint (and banners of bedsheet in the bleachers), not only in New York City, but throughout the land. Only Notre Dame has spawned such extraterritorial devotion.

Yet the Mets managed the secular miracle of achieving martyrdom in a St. Louis hotel elevator in '62, in which 16 of the newly franchised team (which included such forgetables as Bobby Gene Smith and Choo Choo Coleman) found themselves trapped for several hours the night before their first game. They lost 11–4, and continued to lose—120 games that season and a stupefying total of 737 over seven seasons. Former Met Cleon Jones once recalled: "It was embarrassing to go out in public. People referred to us as the Ringling Brothers Circus."

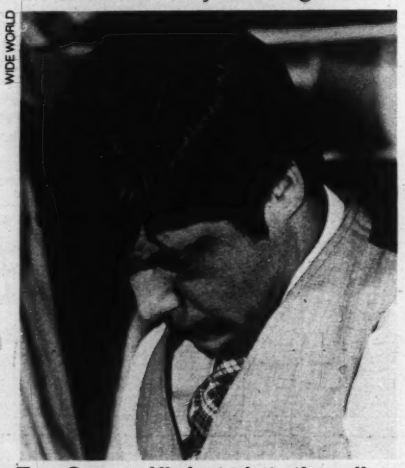
Ah, but what a rollicking circus it was! There was Casey Stengel, the first Met manager, serving as ringmaster. He would stand on the steps of the dugout, crossing his fingers in the ancient hex sign, yelling, "Whommy! Whommy! Whommy!" at rival players while his own troupe lurched and stumbled about the field in misbegotten acrobatics. There was the first baseman, "Marvelous Marv" Throneberry, as prince of clowns, brandishing an ox-goad instead of a baseball bat. To quote my own cover story in *Time* magazine, back in 1969: "Marvelous Marv was a monument to imperfection. His capacity for blunder verged on the supernatural. He saved his snafus and blunders for close games, when they really hurt. Once he blasted a bases-clearing triple, only to spoil his triumph by neglecting to touch first base."

Casey sounded the ringmaster's eternal cry: "Come on out and watch my team play. They're gonna be amazin.'" The phrase stuck—"the Amazin' Mets"—and the fans indeed came out. They formed a Marv Losers Club and a Marv-for-President Club, and wore T-shirts emblazoned with VRAM (Marv spelled backwards).

But the true symbols of the early Mets were the sloganeering bedsheets—and a melancholy battle cry. Even as the team fumbled away its first home game to Pittsburgh 4–3 in the old Polo Grounds, a chant was slowly rising behind the third-base dugout: "Let's Go, Mets." It was so preposterous that others took up the cry.

Within a few games the banners began to appear, antic appeals written in the blood of the fans and unfurled in unabashed love: WHAT, ME WORRY? I'M A METS FAN. And, WE DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE—WE JUST WANT TO FINISH NINTH.

It took the Mets four years to climb to that relative eminence in the National League standings, and when they did they drew an astounding 1,932,693 fans. Why? James Wechsler put it nicely in his New York *Post* column: "The Mets are a symbol. They embody the furtive hopes and desperate dreams of every underdog and lost soul in the universe . . . of every incorrigible long-shot bettor who refuses to be intimidated by the hardened experts."



WIDE WORLD

Tom Seaver: His last trip to the cellar

The long shot rode home in a drum roll of glory in 1969, when the Amazin' Mets became the Miracle Mets. What a season! There was the night against their archrivals, the Chicago Cubs, when one-time Met killer Ferguson Jenkins walked to the mound in the bottom of the ninth at Shea with a 3–1 lead, and walked off minutes later a 4–3 loser. There was the following night, when the white knight of this ridiculous new Camelot, Tom Seaver, came within a one-out single of pitching a perfect game. There was Fourth of July weekend in Pittsburgh, when catcher Jerry Grote, sweating Galliano from every pore, drove in three runs with a couple of timely hits as the Mets came back for a dramatic 8–7 victory. They went on to win the National League pennant in three straight games from the Atlanta Braves, and the World Series in five games from the Baltimore Orioles. Instantly New York was transformed into an asylum of streaming paper and flaming drunks, and the Mets into creatures of mythology.

The trouble with winning is, it makes losing forever unappetizing. Naturally, the players hadn't enjoyed it in the first place; athletes never do. There could be no return to the days of beguiling buffoonery. Yet the Met management, headed by Board Chairman M. Donald Grant, did nothing to improve the Mets, relying instead on dazzling pitching and a dollop of faith. It is surely unfortunate that this combination worked one more time—in 1973, when the Mets took the Oakland A's to seven games in the World Series.

Now, the saga has turned monstrously sour. Grant, in a move that has stunned Mets fans, traded away the team's two top-drawing cards—Tom Seaver, the best pitcher in baseball, and Dave Kingman, the team's only serious slugger. (Grant had first humiliated Kingman by releasing computer statistics proving he had not performed well as a clutch hitter.) Why Seaver and Kingman? Because they had the audacity to ask for larger sizes of the Mets' ample pie, and an arrogant front office had refused to budge.

What effect the trade will have on the Mets' performance is hard to say, but it could hardly be worse. Going into June, the Mets boasted the worst record in baseball—and there are two new expansion teams this year. In desperation, the front office fired manager Joe Frazier and replaced him with Joe Torre, one of the most popular players in the majors. Since then the team has managed to put together its first winning streak (7 for 9), but that included two wins from none other than Tom Seaver, and still leaves the Mets rooting around, not only in the cellar, but in limbo. With neither the winsome pratfall artists of a decade ago, nor the stars who had made the Mets a serious challenger, the fans are disconsolate. Headlined the New York *Post* after the trade: MESSED-UP METS FACE FAN REVOLT. The myth and magic have vanished, revealing a hopelessly shattered team. The Mets of 1977 are not winners, nor are they lovable losers anymore. They are just losers.●

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